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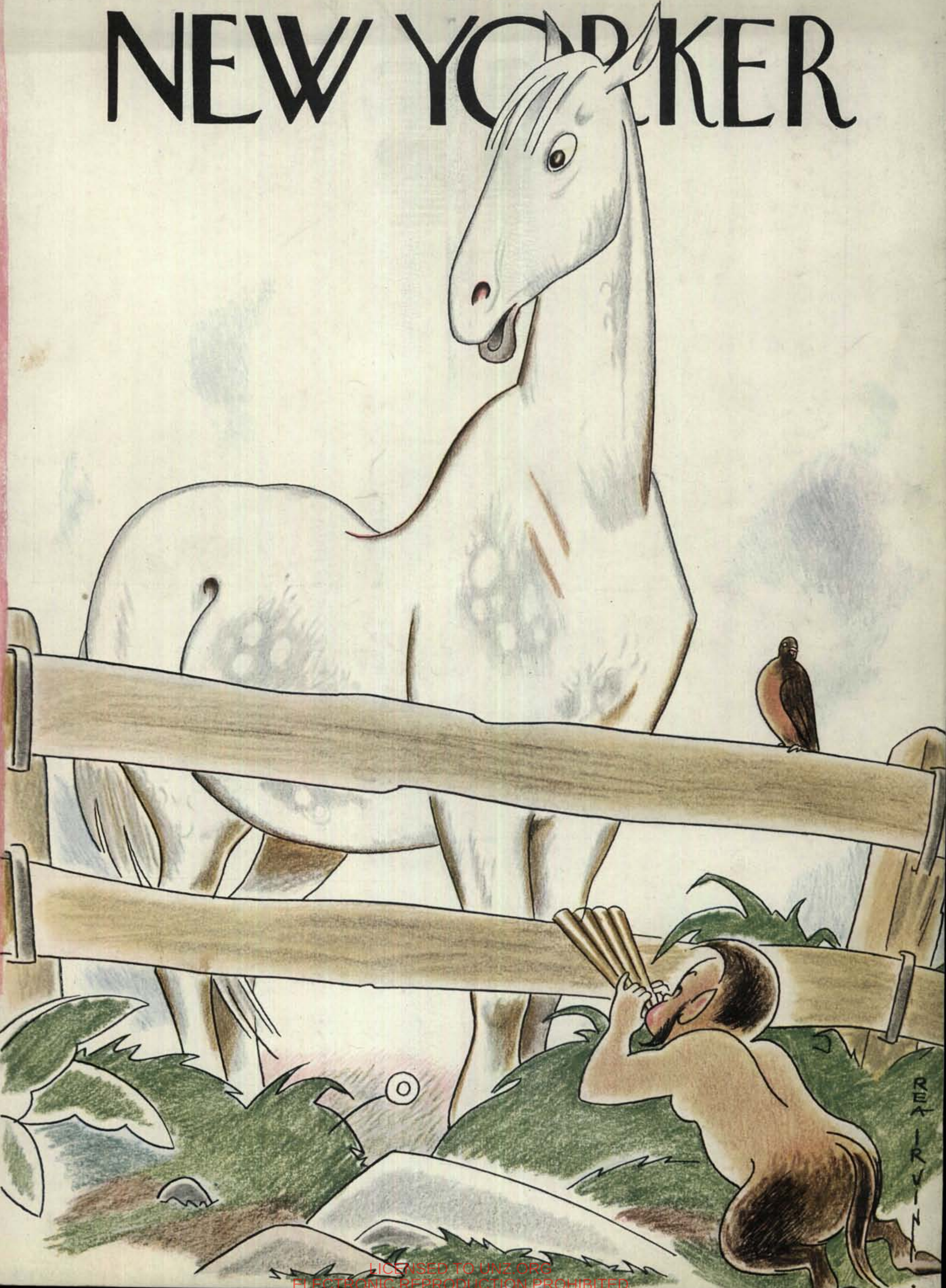
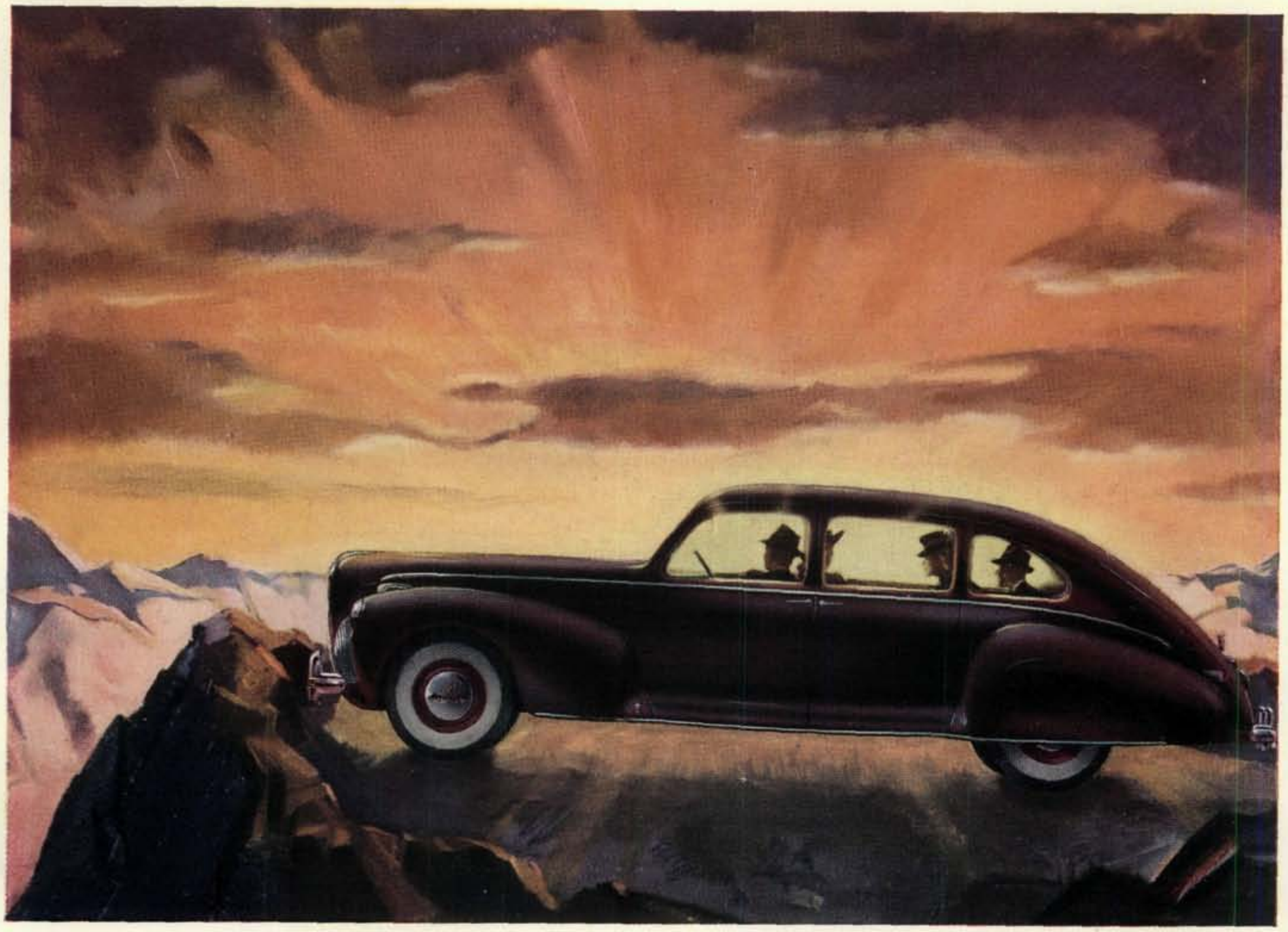
THE NEW YORKER





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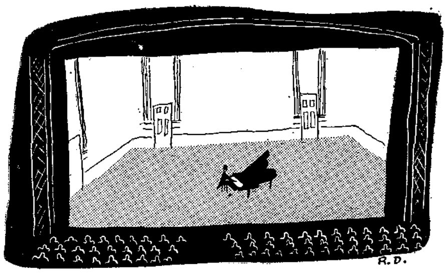
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

THE THEATRE

(**E.** and **W.** mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Believe it or not, this old chestnut has been made into one of the pleasantest shows around. Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's splendid performance are mainly responsible. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-rate comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. The cast also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—An excellent revival of Shaw's play about the medical profession, which isn't nearly as dated as you'd expect. Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey head a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism debated by a planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York. Elmer Rice's new play has its eloquent moments, although it sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin, Albert Hackett, Philip Ober, and Millard Mitchell are in the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 23, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's civilized play about love and dirty work among the lady authors. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire do their share. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A pleasant comedy about some boys and girls who want to get on the stage. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Talley Method—Ina Claire and Philip Merivale in another of S. N. Behrman's literate discussions of the state of the world, this time in terms of a surgeon who understands bodies a good deal better than souls. Handsomely produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45; Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Native Son—A dramatization by Paul Green and Richard Wright of Mr. Wright's novel, staged by Orson Welles and produced by Mr. Welles and John Houseman. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse, which has become one of Broadway's oldest institutions. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this season but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

My Fair Ladies—A comedy by Arthur L. Jarrett and Marcel Klauber. Opens Thurs., March 20. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Gabrielle—Leonardo Bercovici's dramatization of Thomas Mann's short story "Tristan." Opens Tues., March 25. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Your Loving Son—A play by Abby Merchant, with Frankie Thomas and Eddie Nugent. Opens Wed., March 26. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-1291. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

The Fiddler's House—First performance here of the Padraic Colum play, with Augustin Duncan heading the cast. Opens Thurs., March 27. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042. Nightly at 8:40.)

Greek Festival—A benefit for Greece, with any number of celebrities appearing: Fri. Eve., March 28, at midnight. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50. CI 6-4600.)

Hasty Pudding Show—The Harvard dramatic club's ninety-fifth annual production will be "One on the House": Sat. Eve., March 29, at 8:30. (Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Little Black Sambo" and "The Mouse and the Gingerbread": Sat. Aft., March 22, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up last spring. Leo Dryer's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—There'll be some changes made. Beginning Wed., March 26, a team of Spanish dancers will be here, and Ernie Holst's orchestra will replace Chauncey Grey's. Don De Vodi's rumba band will stay on.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come, of course, with Dwight Fiske's musical lectures on the facts of life. Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra, whose specialty is Viennese waltzes, plays in the Tapestry Room until about 10 P.M. (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

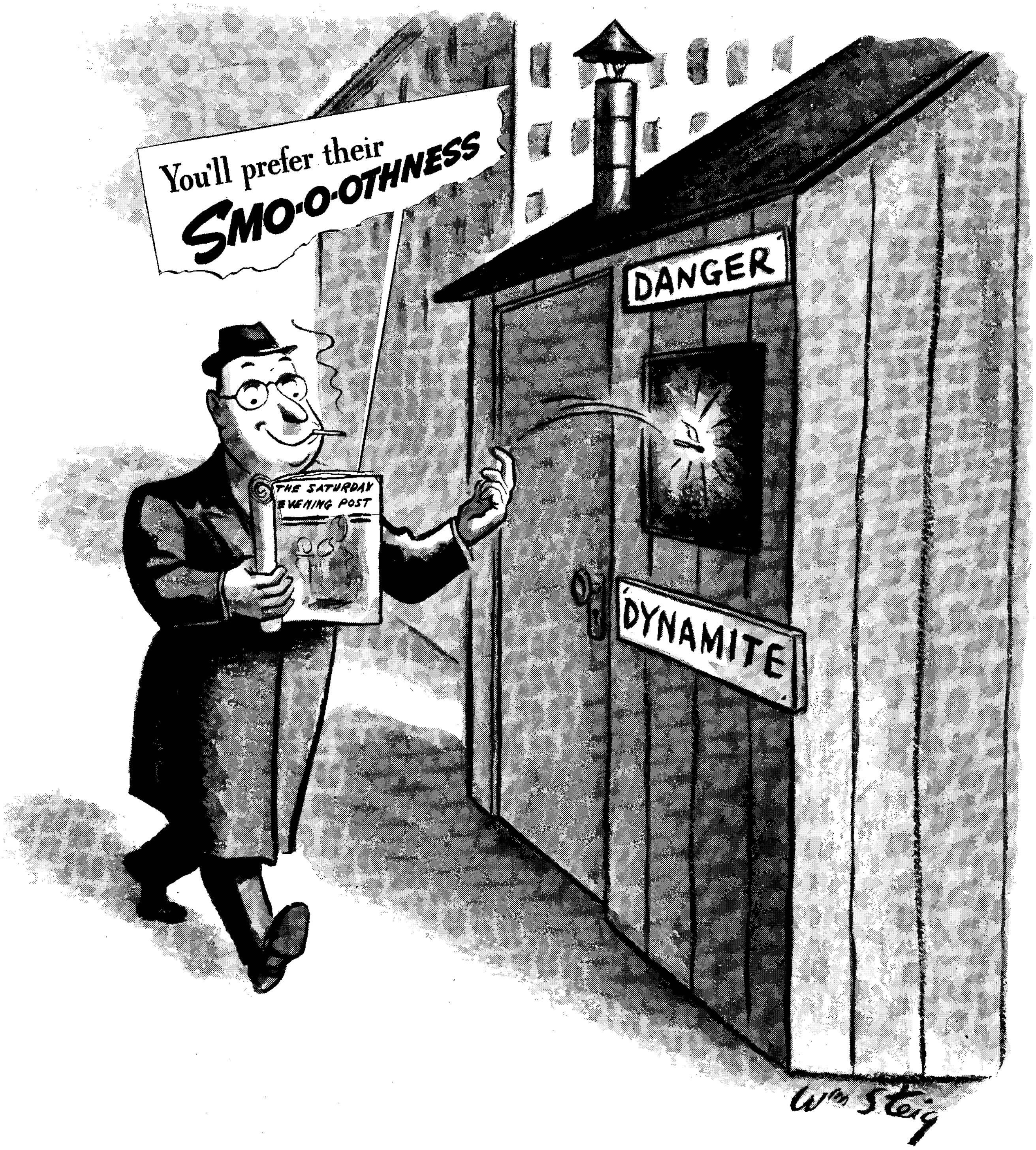
Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is back again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVII, No. 6, March 22, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Lou Holtz is there now, and the music is by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Adelaide Moffett heads the show in the Empire Room. Leighton Noble's orchestra plays for dancing.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mildred Bailey, Hope Emerson, and some others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Betty Bryant sings nostalgic songs and Spivy herself supplies the more robust numbers. . . . **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night, except Mon., and is well worth a hearing. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by two orchestras, no less. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Horace Heidt's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with the Revuers and Zutty Singleton's Trio. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): there's a new Billy Rose show here, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big establishment has Shep Fields' orchestra and a show headed by Joan Edwards and Ann Pennington. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Carmen Amaya, the gypsy dancer. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Turner, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., every night, except Mon., in this Village landmark. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Maxine Sullivan, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Lester Young's band are on hand every night, except Tues. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra are playing here.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873), and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

American Folk Art—A small and extremely selective exhibition of early-nineteenth-century paintings and carvings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Aronson—Paintings, almost entirely of performing circus horses, done with a great deal of grace and subtlety: New Art Circle, 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

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Bellows—A small collection of his paintings, showing he could be attractively gentle on occasion: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Berman—Recent paintings, some of considerable power, by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school; also, briskly colorful small oils by John Enos, a Provincetown primitive: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

Carreño—First solo here by a young Cuban artist who at the moment seems to be torn between devotion to Derain and to Picasso: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5.

Chinese Benefit—Paintings and sculptures by contemporary American and Chinese artists in a benefit exhibition for the China Aid Council: Ritz Tower, Park at 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; *Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 1.*

Czebotar—Water colors and drawings that reveal an advance in firmness and feeling over his previous work: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

English—Hogarth, Whistler, and many others in a big show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and prints; also, water colors by Sargent and Hercules Brabazon: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 12.

Feininger—Large retrospective of his oils and water colors, from 1889 to the present. The middle-period paintings are the best: Buchholz and Willard, both at 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Foshko—Water colors, subdued in tone but simply and strongly designed: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

French—Dufy, Signac, Derain, and others in a collection of landscapes done between 1900 and 1940: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Goya—About fifty etchings, including some from the "Disasters of War" series: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

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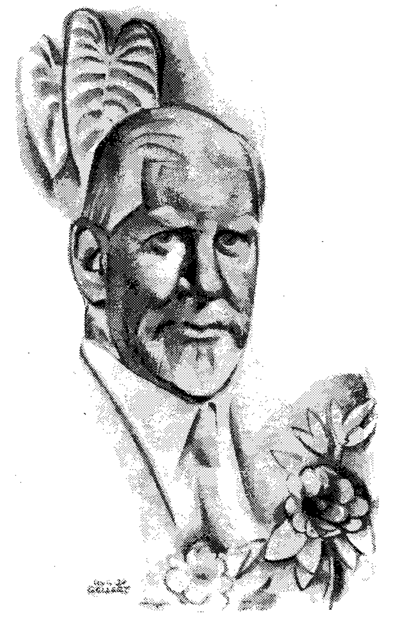


ARTHUR HERRINGTON,

secretary and manager of the International Flower Show at the Grand Central Palace. This is his twenty-sixth year as manager, his eighth as secretary. He has the responsibility for allotting space to exhibitors and seeing to it that the orchid-fanciers (notoriously temperamental) are made reasonably happy. His specialty is chrysanthemums, but he occasionally confides in private that he likes marigolds a little bit better.

Gropper—New oils and lithographs by this unfailingly productive and vigorous painter: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Group—Some young blood is beginning to enliven the conservatism of the National Academy of Design, now holding its 115th annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 9.

Guggenheimer—Hazy landscapes, alternating with still lifes that are almost *trompe-l'œil* in their brisk naturalism: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 26.

Kandinsky—An illuminating retrospective of oils and water colors that shows practically all one needs to know about his development: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Koch—Capably handled oils by a man who seems to have gone back to the Spanish painters for his main inspiration: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Kuniyoshi—Some brilliantly effective drawings in a showing of recent gouaches and black-and-whites: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—French painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec in a big loan exhibit that includes a number of oils from foreign sources. Not so good as it might be, but still an important showing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 26.

Miró—Paintings, most of them recent, by a master of moon madness and fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, including a number of Southwestern scenes and really ornate flower studies: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 21.

Renoir—Centenary exhibition, comprising works from all periods of his career, many of them rarely shown here before: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103—First annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors; a mixed but fairly good showing. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 23.

Rosenthal—More of her Mexican subjects, as perceptive and winning as ever: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

Sculpture—At **GEORG JENSEN,** 667 5 Ave., at 53: small pieces by Saul Baizerman, William Zorach, and many others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29. . . . **ORREFORS,** 5 E. 57: works by Carl Milles, including some amusingly quirky small sculptures. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 12.

Speicher—Capably handled, generally attractive portrait studies in his first exhibition in seven years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 29.

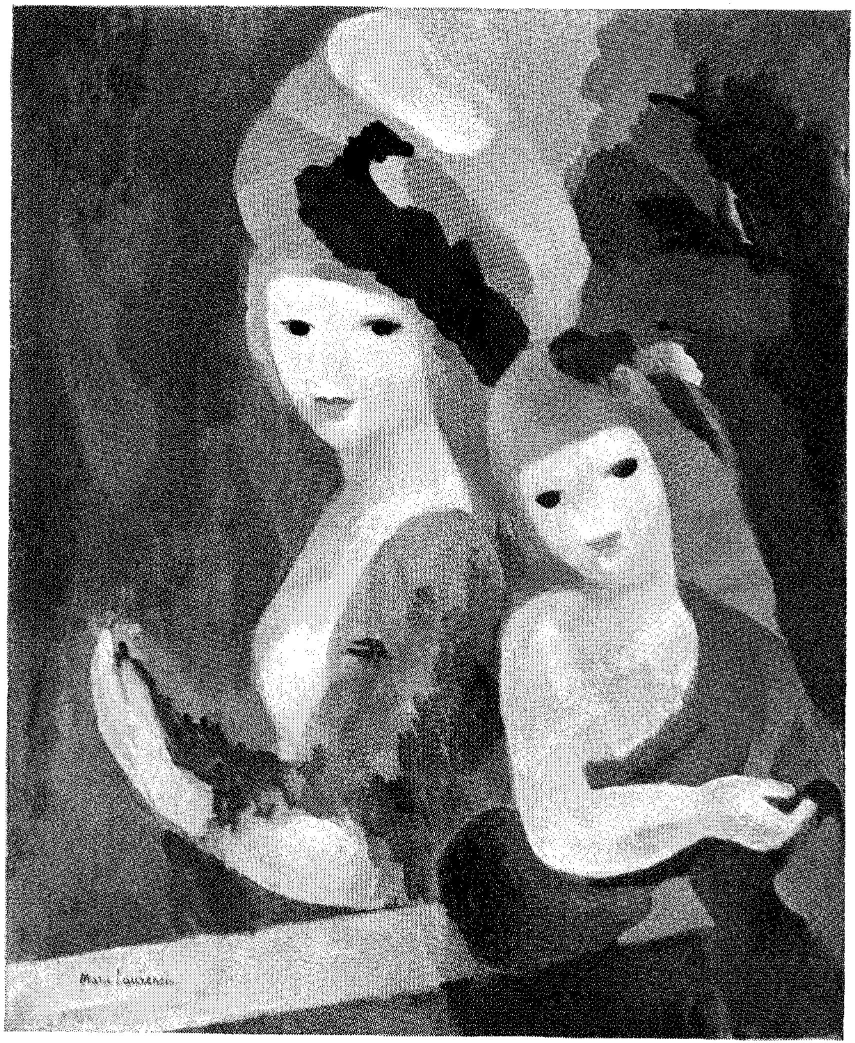
Surrealists—A large exhibition of paintings by Europeans and Americans: New School, 66 W. 12. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—New York City as seen by the artists; a big, nostalgic showing that ranges from Henri and Bellows to contemporary painters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 16.

Here and There—At the **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63: oils and water colors by De Segonzac. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 21. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: group showing of works by modern American and British artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 11. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Harold Baumbach. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 22. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: annual exhibition of the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 5. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: water colors and drawings by José de Creeft. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: portraits of contemporary American artists by Raphael Soyer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 7. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: paintings by Henry Botkin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings by Ben Benn. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **BRANDT,** 50 E. 57: paintings by Dutch artists of the seventeenth century. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 5. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lex-

. . . first Sweetheart

"This is how she looked that day in church. . . ."
"That was the way her ringlets gleamed
    the time she came in with her mother to pay us a call. . . ."
"Here is the sweet, hurt sympathy
    of her eyes when I fought
        Jim and was kept in after school."



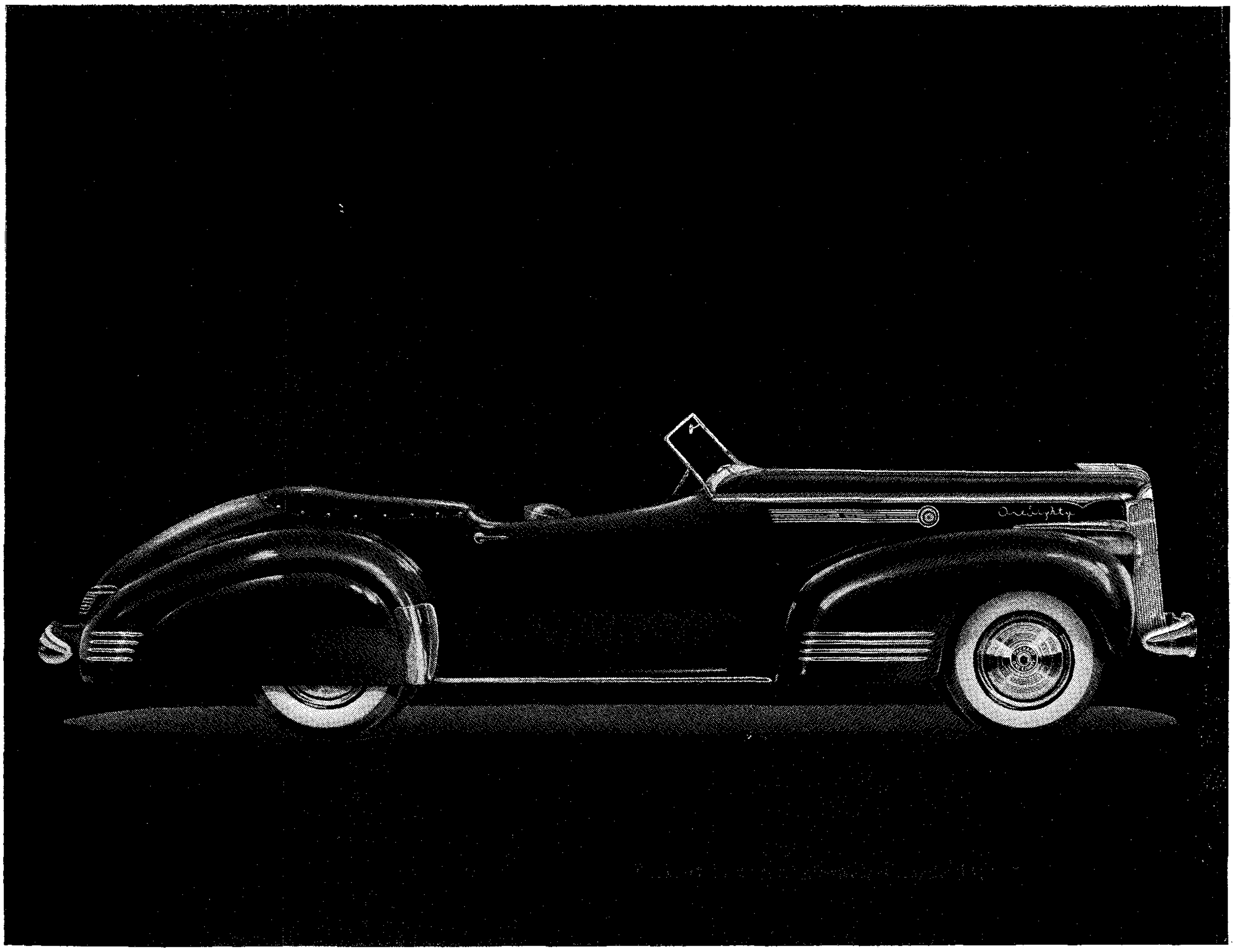
PAINTING BY MARIE LAURENCIN, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

The man who marries his childhood's sweetheart holds this advantage over other lovers: he cherishes the child later to be his wife in actual memory. Other men who love and marry must seek the vanished child in portraits — in family reminiscence or in the faded, elfin features of a photograph. For each, this image has incredible fascination. For in his heart each is convinced that of all the curly-headed girl babies born her year, this one was destined to be his as surely as the chubby sons and gurgling little daughters he hopes some day to hold. That is why each man gives, at his engagement, a diamond ring. For one day, close to the birth of time, his diamond, too, was set aside to make his happiness. For countless thousands of years, it has been waiting for his discovery of this one woman — and of its eternal radiance. A trusted jeweler can advise him best in his search. For he knows that pure color, absence of imperfections, depth and exquisite cut are essential in the stone meant for him — and her.

Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. *Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.*

ONE-HALF CARAT, PRICED BETWEEN $100 AND $200
ONE CARAT, PRICED BETWEEN $325 AND $600
TWO-CARAT STONES, GENERALLY PRICED FROM $900 TO $1750
THREE-CARAT STONES ARE OBTAINABLE FROM $1500

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



What could it be *but* a Packard?

WHENEVER YOU see an unusual stir around a curb or driveway this year, it's more than apt to be occasioned by the glamorous car above.

This car is, naturally, a Packard. When you see a car so head-and-shoulders above the field . . . so smart, so sophisticated, so patrician . . . it is hard to imagine it being anything *but* a Packard.

Owners tell us that wherever this distinguished Custom Packard parks or pauses, traffic is well nigh disrupted by admirers.

And engineering ingenuity has made this Packard just as outstanding *mechanically* as it is in looks. It offers one of the most powerful 8-cylinder motors in any American car, and its ride is no less than cushioned luxury.

Its Electromatic Drive is a revelation in simplified automatic driving. The clutch operates *itself* with uncanny skill, yet this is only *part* of the story. Electromatic Drive saves footwork . . . saves shifting . . . even saves gas, oil, and engine wear by letting the engine loaf. It's 1941's newest feature—and it makes driving a brand-new thrill!

Windows, in enclosed models of this distinctive One-Eighty, glide open — or shut—at the touch of a button. And available in *all* closed Packards, at extra cost, is a sensational new Packard "first"—*real, refrigerated* Air Conditioning!

The only thing that *isn't* surprising, in this surprising car, is that its long, rakish bonnet wears the most famous, best-loved face in motoring.

• • •

This superlative Custom Super 8 One-Eighty is only *one* of a number of super cars Packard offers for 1941. We make no boast when we state that they represent the ultimate word in everything that a custom car should be. Packard has prepared a special brochure giving detailed information on these custom creations. It is yours for the asking.

**Delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Price also includes Electromatic Drive, installed at factory.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

ington, at 61: lithographs by Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Dufy, and other French masters. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 20, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 21, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., March 23, at 3; Thurs. Eve., March 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 29, at 8:45. (Soloists: Iturbi, March 20, 21, and 23; Erica Morini, March 27-28.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., March 22, at 11.

New Friends of Music Orchestra—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., March 23, at 5:30. (Soloist: Tinayre.)

New York City Symphony—Morel conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., March 23, at 8:45. (Soloist: Webster.)

Oratorio Society—Stoessel conducting the Bach B-minor Mass: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., March 25, at 7:30.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting a Brahms program, with the Dessoff Choirs, directed by Paul Boepple, assisting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., March 29, at 3.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Ray Lev, Mon. Eve., March 24, at 8:30; E. Robert Schmitz, Wed. Eve., March 26, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Clara Rabinovitch, Sat. Aft., March 22, at 3; Harold Triggs and Joan Moore, Sun. Eve., March 23, at 8:30; Jeanne Behrend, Mon. Eve., March 24, at 8:30; Helen Teschner Tas, Tues. Eve., March 25, at 8:30.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Le Nozze di Figaro," Thurs. Aft., March 20; "Lohengrin," Thurs. Eve., March 20; "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Eve., March 21; "Aïda," Sat. Aft., March 22; "Götterdämmerung," Sat. Eve., March 22, final performance of the regular season. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

Salmaggi Company—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Eve., March 22; "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., March 28; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., March 29. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707. At 8:30.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Lew Jenkins vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 10 rounds, Wed., March 26; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional championship playoffs, at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun., March 23, and (tentative) Tues., March 25. . . . Amateur-series playoff, Sun., March 23, at 1:30 P.M.

Polo—Intercollegiate Championship final, West Point, Sat. Aft., March 22, at 2:30.

OTHER EVENTS

Flower Show—The amateur and professional gardeners' big event of the year: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Daily 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 22.

Architecture—An exhibit called "40 Architects Under 40," showing, with drawings, photographs, and models, the work of some of the younger men in this field: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., March 28.

Ice Carnival—The Skating Club back again, with performances by group and solo skaters: Madison Square Garden, Fri., Sat., Mon., and Wed. Eves., March 28, 29, 31, and April 2, at 8:30.

Photography—The annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America: Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., March 27.

Antique Wallpapers—An exhibition of papers from 1797 to 1835, from the Carlhian Collection of Paris: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Corot, Daubigny, Monet, Inness, Goya, and other masters, from the collections of Mrs. Dwight F. Davis and others: Thurs. Eve., March 20, at 8:15. . . . English furniture, silver, and porcelains, from the collection of Walter T. Stern: Sat. Aft., March 22, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European art objects, Georgian silver, and Chinese jades, belonging to Owen F. Roberts and others: Thurs. Aft., March 20, at 2.

PLAZA GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—Etchings, including some by Whistler and Zorn, and water colors by Turner, belonging to Mrs. T. V. Kearns and others: Thurs. Eve., March 20, at 8.

ON THE AIR

(The Federal Communications Commission has assigned new frequencies to most of the stations. Beginning Sat., March 29, at 3 A.M., WJZ will be at 770, WABC at 880, and WQXR at 1560. WEAF and WOR will remain at 660 and 710, respectively.)

Viscount Halifax—Addressing the Pilgrims' society: Tues. Eve., March 25, at 10, WJZ.

Metropolitan Opera—"Aïda," with Pinza, Martinelli, and Castagna: Sat. Aft., March 22, at 2, WJZ.

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Abe Simon, 20 rounds, for the heavyweight title, from Detroit: Fri. Eve., March 21, at 10, WJZ.

Symphonic Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Szell conducting, Sat. Eve., March 22; Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., March 29; at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC (soloist, Iturbi, March 23); Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., March 22, at 11:05, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz, Gladys Swarthout, and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

Arise, My Love—Lovers (Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland) in Europe, and even the war doesn't discourage their liveliness. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 23-25.)

Back Street—Margaret Sullavan at her best as the tragic lady who loved but was not wed—all very teary, but effective. The second screen version to be made of Fanny Hurst's novel. With Charles Boyer. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., March 24. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., March 26.)

Blackout—A British film, with Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt, which uses the excitement of present-day London life for the innocent entertainment of thrill-lovers. A prize melodrama. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., March 25-26.)

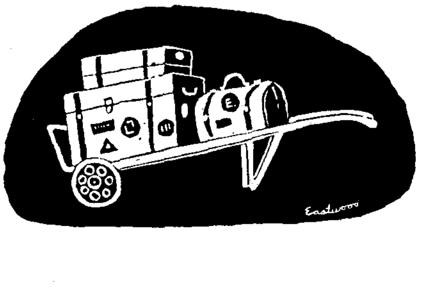
Fantasia—Walt Disney's astounding production—a wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's strange dissertation on the ways of dictators. A film that is quite wonderful and certainly unique. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 23.)

Kitty Foyle—Especially to be noted because of Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. The story is routine in many ways, perhaps, but Miss Ginger is not. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., March 20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., March 22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., March 22-26.)

The Letter—Bette Davis in the famous Somerset Maugham drama of Singapore society, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson. Atmospheric and active. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., March 20.)

The Long Voyage Home—Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays of the sea and ships in a fine, pictorially magnificent film. Directed by John Ford. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 23-25.)



Meet John Doe—Frank Capra's latest diatribe, very loud, very long, in honor of the plain American citizen and his homely ways. With Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; and Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith—Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in a comedy of youthful marriage which has mild humor only, though directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., March 26-27. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., March 26.)

Night Train—The big thriller of the season. A superb affair, made by the British, about spies and so on. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Pastor Hall—An impressive, grim film of early Hitler days in Germany and how they overturned the gentle, *gemütlich* life of one small city. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., March 20.)

Pépé le Moko—The French picture, with Jean Gabin, from which came our "Algiers." A little worn and faded around the edges, but still effective. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn's triumphant screen presentation of her rôle in Philip Barry's play. The whole thing is beautifully handled. James Stewart and Cary Grant are also involved. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., March 25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., March 22-25. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., March 25-29.)

Strawberry Blonde—From "One Sunday Afternoon," the play of the dentist and his troubles and triumphs. Engagingly presented, with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney and a lot of old-time tunes. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., March 24. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; and R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; through Wed., March 26.)

Tobacco Road—Sketchy and modulated version of the celebrated play and novel. Directed by John Ford, but marked throughout with a faltering reticence. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Thurs., March 27.)

Victory—A practical, sensible, and exciting screen version of Conrad's great novel of the Java Sea, with Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., March 21. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., March 22. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., March 24-26. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., March 26-27.)

REVIVALS

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish rebellion. (Belmont, 125 W. 48; through Sat., March 29.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Very French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 22-25.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Mon., March 21-24.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Tues., March 25.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., March 26-28.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. and Tues., March 24-25.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 21.)

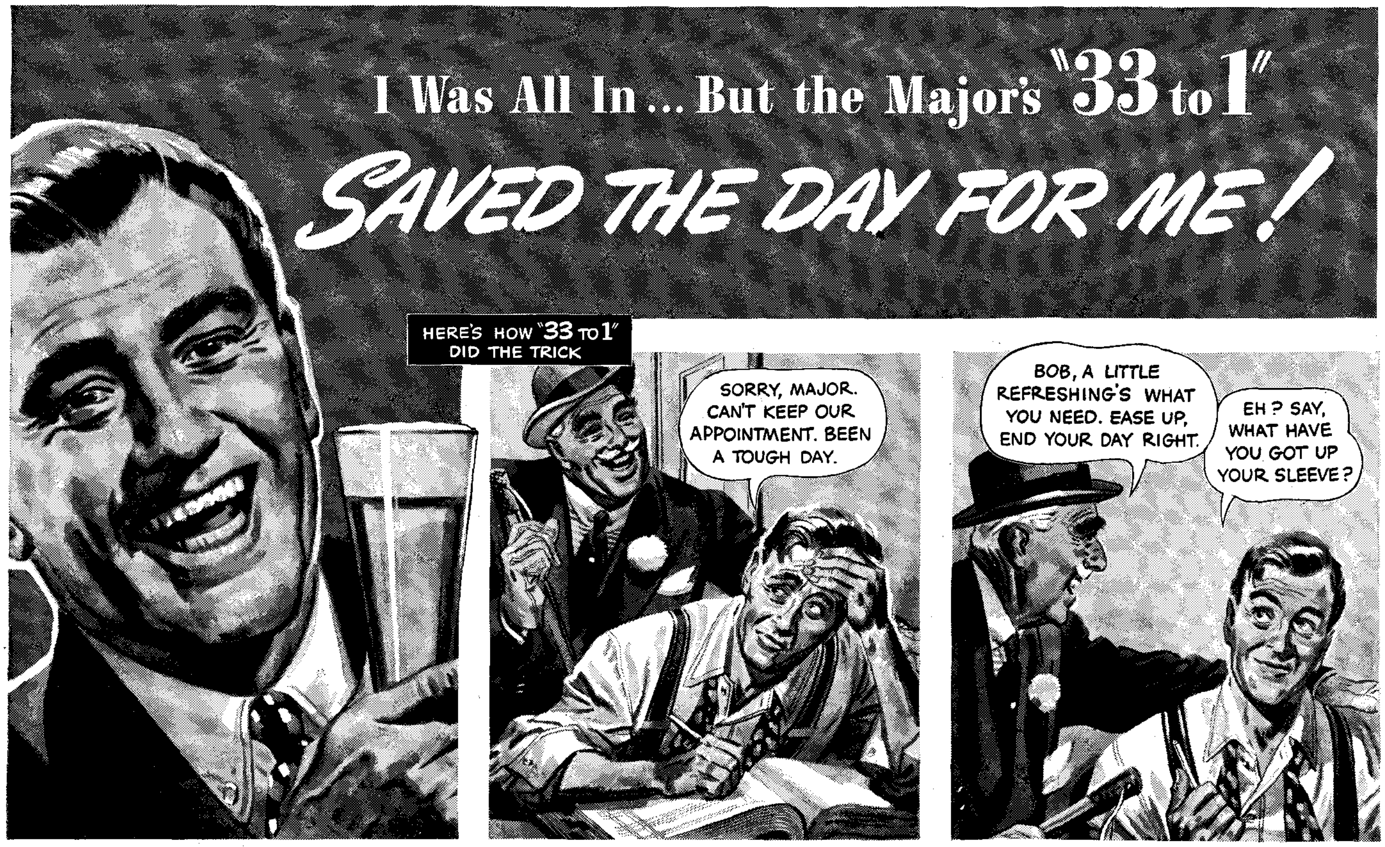
It's a Wonderful World (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 23-24.)

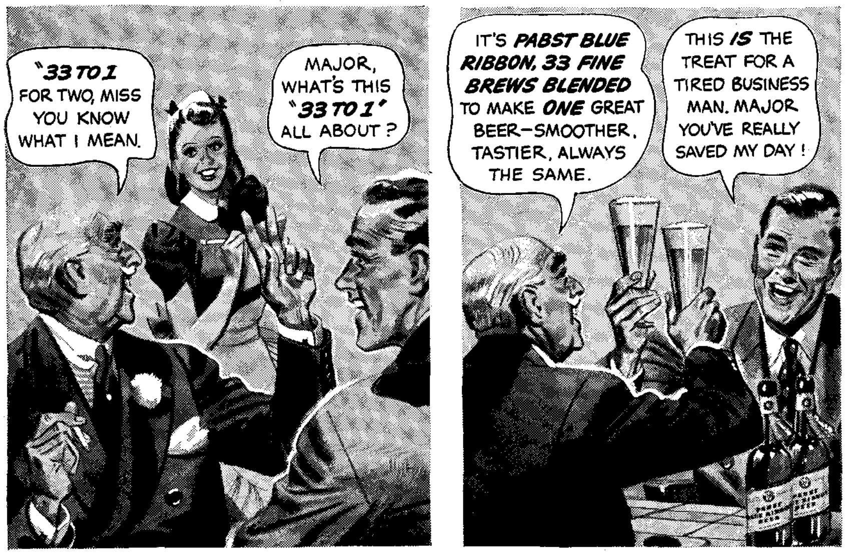
Pygmalion (1938)—The Shaw play. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., March 21.)

The Texans (1938)—Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, and thousands of steers. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., March 22.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 22-25.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., March 22.)


I Was All In... But the Major's "33 to 1"
SAVED THE DAY FOR ME!
HERE'S HOW "33 TO 1" DID THE TRICK
SORRY, MAJOR. CAN'T KEEP OUR APPOINTMENT. BEEN A TOUGH DAY.
BOB, A LITTLE REFRESHING'S WHAT YOU NEED. EASE UP, END YOUR DAY RIGHT.
EH? SAY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE?


"33 TO 1" FOR TWO, MISS YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
MAJOR, WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1" ALL ABOUT?
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON, 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER—SMOOTHER, TASTIER, ALWAYS THE SAME.
THIS IS THE TREAT FOR A TIRED BUSINESS MAN. MAJOR, YOU'VE REALLY SAVED MY DAY!

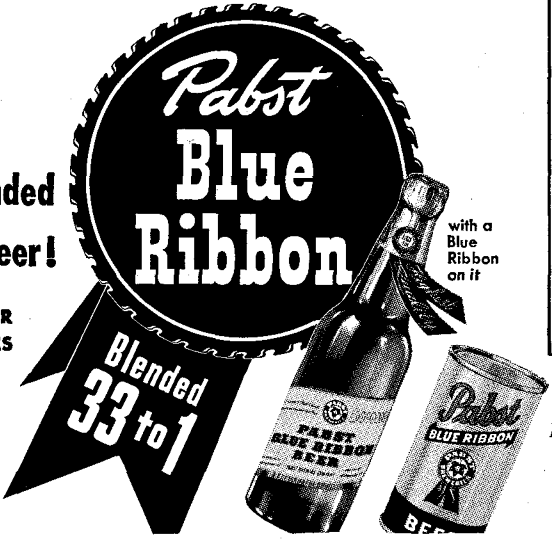
Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

WISE FELLOW, THE MAJOR! BLENDING 33 BREWS CERTAINLY MAKES ONE DELICIOUS BEER!

Yes, REAL BEER LOVERS know it's *smart* to order Pabst Blue Ribbon. It has something you enjoy in no other beer: a BLEND of *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. Today—treat yourself to a cool, foaming glass—and *prove* it!

33 fine brews blended to make ONE great beer!

IT'S SMOOTHER . . . IT'S TASTIER . . . IT NEVER VARIES


Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
with a Blue Ribbon on it
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

"I'm so delighted with our new Studebaker,"

says

Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett

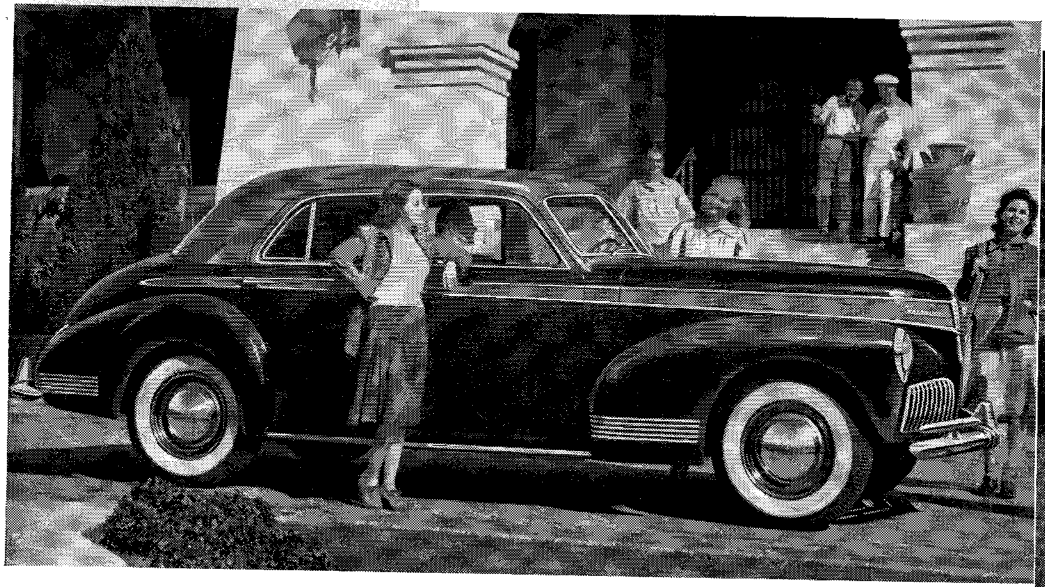
CHARMING WIFE OF FAMOUS OPERATIC STAR

"I really selected our new Studebaker as a surprise for my husband," says Mrs. Tibbett, "because he gets so much relaxation out of motoring and driving himself. But I have found it such a comfortable and easy-driving car, it's hard to believe it wasn't built to order. The designer, Raymond Loewy, does have a genius for individualizing everything he styles."

Mrs. Tibbett and her distinguished husband are perfectionists in the art of gracious living—and so, for pleasant motoring between their New York home and Connecticut farm, she decided on a distinctive Studebaker.

Thousands of other families, whose pride is their instinct for good taste and their alertness to good value, are doing as the Tibbetts did and buying brilliant-performing new Studebakers this year.

You can become the proud owner of a stunningly styled Studebaker Champion, Commander or President chassis for surprisingly little money. See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a thrilling, convincing trial drive. Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.



A NEW CAR FINDS A NEW FRIEND in talented Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, former Jane Marston of New York and San Francisco. She dresses smartly, is an enthusiastic golfer, good horsewoman and skilled gardener. She and her husband are show dog owners.

Distinctively smart, new

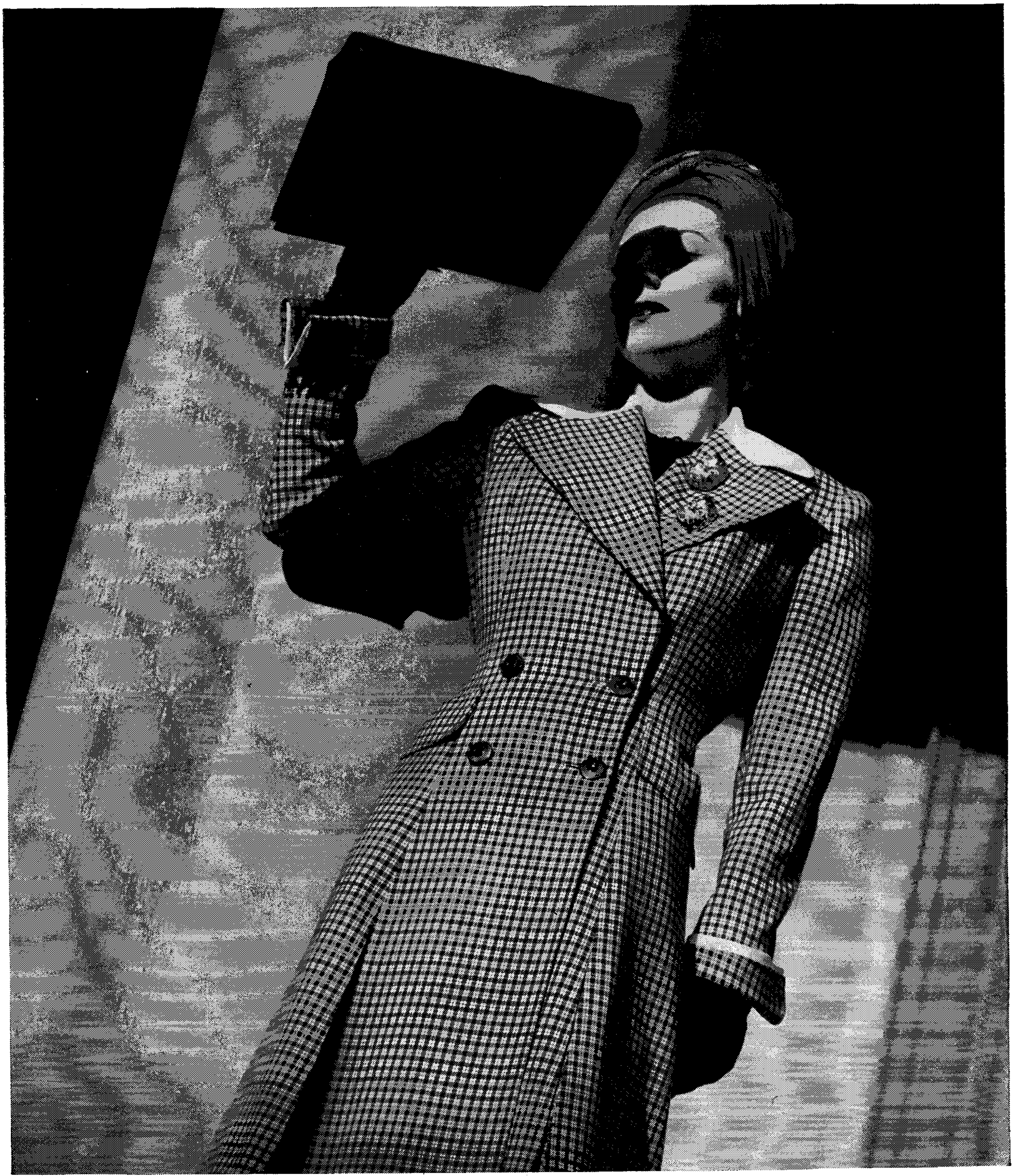
STUDEBAKER

CHAMPION	**$695 and up**
COMMANDER	**$985 and up**
PRESIDENT	**$1115 and up**

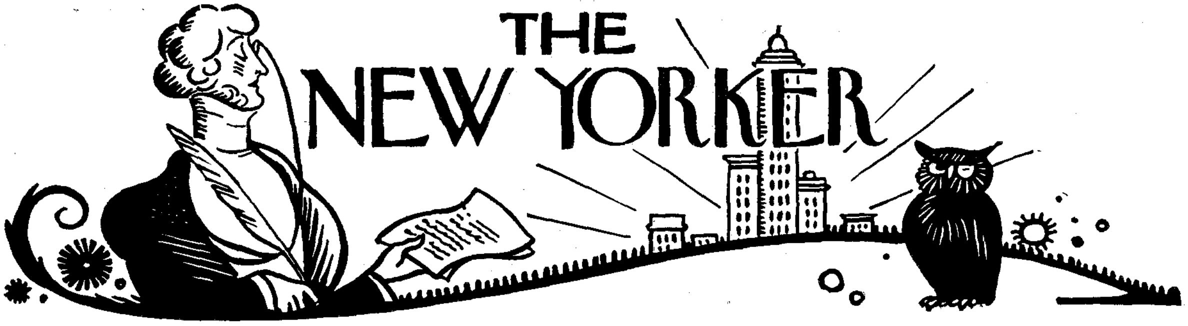
These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of Mar. 10, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included

The dandy . . . a reefer that is news. Dashing Beau Brummel revers and deep inverted pleats add a new "back-interest" to its clean-cut tailored lines . . . spic-and-span pique freshens up the crisp, black-and-white checked worsted. Misses' sizes, 95.00.
Altman coats . . . third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.



FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, N. Y.   MU. 9-7000

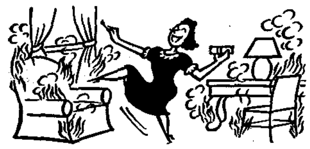


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

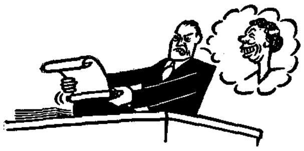
WE never expected to be shocked by a newspaper photograph of three senators grinning and shaking hands, but that's just what happened last week. The intricately woven fingers and beaming faces of Senators Barkley, Wheeler, and George, reproduced in the *Times*, gave us quite a pain in the neck. In another day this friendly conclave would have struck us as no more than the same old after-the-battle picture—victors and vanquished indistinguishable, all sicklied o'er equally with the pale cast of good-fellowship. Today, however, we look upon the twinkling face of Senator Wheeler, memorably radiant in defeat, caught by the camera in the full flush of happy failure only a few moments after the Senate had passed a measure he was certain would send the country into a disastrous war, and the whole thing seems to us anachronistic and dangerous—all wrong for the times. The hearty laughter of a statesman whose cause is lost says to us either that he was just pretending all the time or else that, win or lose, he is a good sport in the game of life. We like good fellows all right (though really not very much), but there was never a time when the sight of the ship of state in the hands of a crew of old Kipling disciples, able to greet triumph or disaster with identical composure, appealed to us less. The loser we love this year is the sorehead who still knows he's right, and the winner the one who goes right on regarding his adversary as something he wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

MILDRED GODFREY, a seventeen-year-old high-school student, wandered around her family's apartment in Flatbush, setting fire to the furniture because it all seemed perfectly disgusting to her. "Something must have snapped in Mildred," said her mother apologetically, but we don't think so for a minute. This determined girl, one of the great destructive critics of our time, simply did a thing that has lurked in the background of every housewife's head since furniture was invented. Equipped only with a dream and a box of matches, she destroyed an intolerable old world and created the inescapable necessity for a new one. We hope she beats the arson rap that is facing her as we write this. There is a place for Mildred in society, as well as the one she already occupies in our heart.



THE tone of *PM* has been growing on us these past few weeks. There is something breezy and informal here, something not quite like anything else in journalism. Never before, we think, has a daily newspaper been so closely identified with the personality of its editor, in this case a shapely old Yale boy called Ralph McAllister Ingersoll. Not only does Mr. Ingersoll write signed editorials in the first person singular, which gives them a cozy feel, but also he seems to be able to devote his personal attention to practically everything. Stories are often accompanied by photostats of the letters and telegrams Mr. Ingersoll has sent to various important people as well as photostats of those he got back; a writer out to expose something writes his piece in the form of a memorandum to the boss, explaining how hard it is for a reporter to get information when people won't give it to him; we're told how Mr. Ingersoll came to think of a hot idea and we're allowed to hear him outline it to his staff; everywhere, in fact, the reader is able to observe the workings of a single brain, turning over as publicly as a sample motor at the Automobile Show. All this is very novel and interesting, but now and then we have an uncomfortable moment, a vague touch of embarrassment. It is almost too intimate, like reading somebody else's mail.

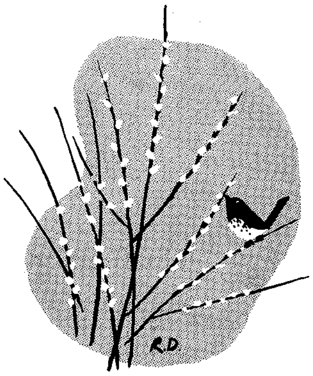
WESTBROOK PEGLER, who has been calling Mrs. Roosevelt just about everything he could think of, found himself in a rather peculiar situation last week. "There is a column by Mr. Pegler in the morning paper down here, which I think is particularly fine," the First Lady wrote gently from Golden Beach in Florida. "He expresses it, of course, much better than I can." It is hard to say what a columnist can do when one of his victims, especially a lady, responds to abuse only with a pretty compliment, and we imagine it would floor a lesser critic than Pegler, a man magnificently insulated against coals of fire. We have great faith in the *Telegram's* commentator, however. If Mrs. Roosevelt hopes that soft answers will turn away wrath like his, she is more ingenuous than we think. "Now it's appeasement, eh?" we can hear him mutter savagely, rolling a clean sheet of asbestos into his typewriter.



EVERY now and then something turns up in the papers that leaves us out on a limb. A week ago Monday, for instance, the *Post* carried a story headed "Kiki Roberts Found in Gutter; Legs Diamond's Moll Taken to Bellevue." It was a moral and instructive little piece, demonstrating that girls who fool around with hoods generally wind up in the psychopathic ward if not on a slab, and the reporter gave it the old ben hecht. "Her story these last years follows the norm," he wrote gloomily. "Honky-tonks on the Lower East Side, in the Bronx, over in Brooklyn. A room in a cheap hotel. No publicity. There was one other fact of moment in her admission to Bellevue. Attaches stated her age as 34." Reading this sermon, we remembered Calvin Coolidge, who once, in his Autobiography, summed up all morality in six quiet words: "Unless men live right they die." Altogether, in fact, we were a better man until we got hold of the *Post* on Tuesday and found a brief note to the effect that the lady in Bellevue was not Kiki Roberts at all but simply an actress who happened to be in an agreeable mood and probably would have told the *Post* man she was Lizzie Borden if it had occurred to her. Miss Roberts, as far as anybody seems to know, has never been in a gutter in her life. Personally, we are back right where we started, convinced that the life of a gangster's moll usually follows a very attractive pattern—rooms in the best hotels, plenty of publicity, and, at the end, a happy old age surrounded by admiring children agape to hear about the night the Dutchman got his.

Impasse

OUR recent item about the verbal barrier in the way of an amalgamation of Poor's Publishing Company with Standard Statistics (it always came out Poor-Standard Statistics, or some such unpromising combination) has reminded one of our readers of a similar difficulty encountered by his brother-in-law, who does research in the field of aeronautical engineering. He invented a self-locking nut, and would very much have liked to give it his name, but he couldn't. His name is Luce. In the end, the inventor having tied up with two men named Boots, the nut was marketed as the Boots Aircraft Nut. This is probably as happy a way out of a situation as Standard Statistics and Poor's found for themselves: Standard & Poor's Corporation.



Union Sign-Painters

MOST of the signs carried by pickets in New York are turned out by the Consolidated Sign Company, a strictly union sign-painting shop operated by two gentlemen named Julius Kramer and Morris Krantz. Their latest big order, we hardly need tell you, came from the Transport Workers' Union. The bus-drivers ordered 1,950 placards—1,000 abusing the New York City Omnibus Corporation, 600 reproaching the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, 200 bearing pep slogans, and 150 directing the public to the nearest subway. Having had some advance warning of the strike, Kramer and Krantz had hired four extra painters the previous Friday (they regularly employ three) and had finished the order by the Monday morning the strike began. Usually the firm doesn't have any more forewarning of a strike than the general public and their big orders come as a complete surprise. In such cases they hire nine or ten extra painters and work overtime. "Picketing is unpleasant for everybody, including the sign man," Kramer told us.

The partners have been in business since 1930 and now have a large studio on East Twelfth Street. Their output is in the neighborhood of ten thousand signs a year. They'll make any sort of sign, from a cardboard on a stick to a silk banner. The two most popular picketing numbers are the cardboard-on-stick (@ $1.00) and the sandwich (@ $1.50). Consolidated undoubtedly stands head and shoulders above all the other painters of picket signs, but can't explain how this came about. "Just an accumulation," one of the firm told us. Small orders are hand-painted, quantity orders turned out with stencils. Krantz and Kramer number among their satisfied customers the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the Teamsters' Joint Council, the International Longshoremen's Association, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and, of course, the Transport Workers' Union. Neither Krantz nor Kramer has ever carried a picket sign (except inside his own shop), but both are union members in good standing. With their employees, they belong to the Sign, Pictorial, and Display Union, Local 230, which is affiliated with the Painters' Brotherhood, an A.F.L. outfit.

Krantz and Kramer don't want the public to think that they confine themselves to being staff artists to labor unions. "We like to work for employers, too," Kramer told us. Among their capitalistic customers are Miles Shoes, the A. S. Beck Company (also shoes), and the Bond Clothing Stores. As a matter of fact, the partners say, they would not find any ethical conflict in accepting picket-sign orders from both parties to a labor dispute. "We're a necessary evil," Kramer says.

Cute

GUESTS at the Carter Hotel in Cleveland who wish to sleep late in the morning are faced with a dilemma. They can run the risk of being disturbed by the chambermaid or they can hang outside their bedroom a large green card which says, "LET ME STAY IN ROCK-A-BYE LAND."

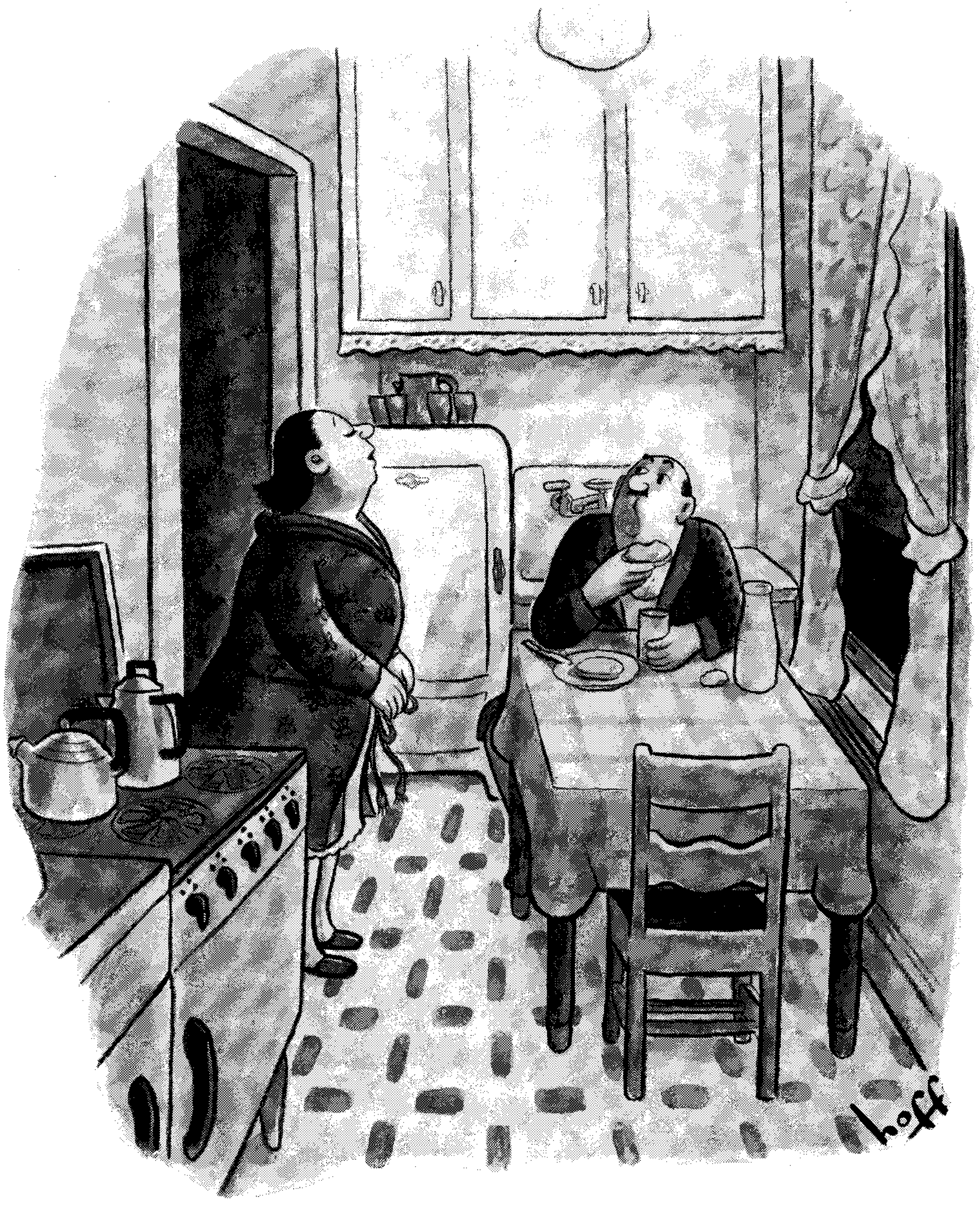
Trick Pro

GOLF being a game which many must leave alone entirely or wrestle with the year round, there are five or six schools in the city where golfers may go during the winter and have their swings attended to. One of the newest is Joe Ezar's, at 574 Fifth Avenue, which we looked in on recently because we had been told that he is probably the world's greatest trick shot, now that Joe Kirkwood, the Australian, has faded from the public eye. To Ezar, there is no probably about it. "Nobody else in the world can make the shots I can," he told us simply. He admits that some of his stunts, such as hitting four balls at one swing (hooking the first, slicing the second, knocking the third straight ahead, and catching the fourth in his hand), are of no value in competition but says that they're great for exhibition purposes. He can also chop down hard on a ball, causing it to leap in the air, and then hit it on the fly.

Ezar teaches only orthodox golf at his school, but he gives his pupils an occasional demonstration of trick shots, to keep his hand in and retain their respect. He had a career in Hollywood, and the walls of the reception room of his school bear clippings and photographs commemorating it. He is pictured in poses with such figures as Max Baer, Johnny Weissmuller, Andy Devine, Bing Crosby, and Oliver Hardy. This Hollywood Ezar, we noticed, was wearing a mustache, whereas the upper lip of the Ezar before us was clean-shaven. "I was chic in those days," he explained. "I also wore one-hundred-dollar gabardine suits." With mustache or plain, Ezar is a lean, swarthy man of French-Syrian parentage who was born in Shawnee, Oklahoma, thirty-one years ago. As a lad, he worked as a caddie and occasionally as a welterweight boxer in the vicinity of Waco, Texas. He played his first tournament golf in the San Francisco Open in 1930. He'd gone to San Francisco to caddie for a Texas pro and found that the committee insisted upon supplying its own caddies. He entered as a player, for the hell of it. He got into the semifinals, defeating, among others, the pro from Texas.

Subsequently, starting with a trip to Australia financed by Bing Crosby, Ezar became pretty well known as a barnstorming pro, winning the Australian and playing in the Italian, French, and Irish Opens. "They called me the wandering divot," he says. He was always a clown on the golf course, and when people began to notice this, he decided to go thoroughly eccentric and learn trick shots. As a teacher, he has a couple of prize pupils to point to. He once gave lessons to Dick Chapman, the current National Amateur champion, and to Johnny DeForest, former British Amateur champion. At his school here, his clientele includes several upper-bracket businessmen. Of this lofty circle, he stands in no awe whatsoever. "You're the dumbest guy I've ever seen," he is apt to tell a magnate with a troublesome slice.

As we left, we asked Mr. Ezar to show us one more trick shot. He aimed right at us with a full driving swing and we were halfway out of the place before we noticed that the ball had just dribbled off to one side.



"Is this by chance a private party?"

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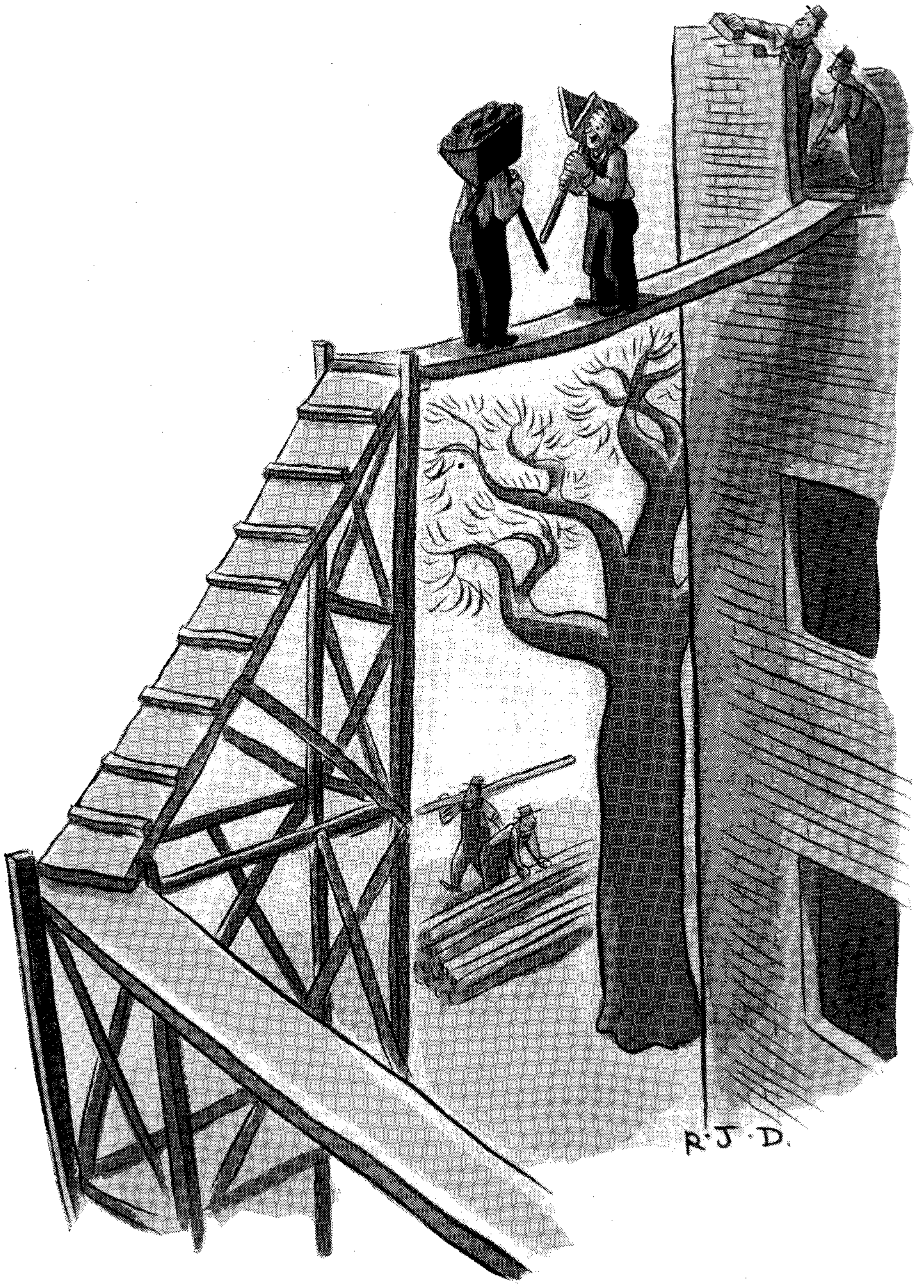
Scene in a Soda Fountain

HEREWITH a nice double-barrelled story about two Episcopal clergymen in an ice-cream parlor in Englewood. The hour was near ten in the evening, and one of them called over to the waitress, "Would you get Raymond Gram Swing on the radio?" "Sorry," she said. "We don't allow dancing in here." "My goodness!" the clergyman said. "Did you think I was going to dance with my own curate?"

Good Advice

IF the men of our Navy and merchant marine don't spend their shore leave in a wholesome, uplifting manner, it is certainly not the fault of Mrs. Henry Howard, of Newport and Nassau. As founder and president of the American Merchant Marine Library Association, she is chiefly responsible for the publication and distribution of "The Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave," a fat little booklet, bound in blue and orange, which gives information about four hundred and forty ports all over the world, including tips on doctors, dentists, clinics, laundries, hotels, sightseeing tours, decorous amusements, and the like. Mrs. Howard, who is sixty-three, is a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the American Revolution, and a member of the Newport Garden Association. She did social-service work among sailors during the last war, and afterward persuaded some friends to come in with her in financing the distribution of used books and magazines to sailors and in publishing "The Seamen's Handbook." The handbook has been through six editions since 1919 and, all in all, some fifty thousand copies have been handed out. That old sea dog, Christopher Morley, recommends it wholeheartedly, as an "admirable little book that gives information most needed by merchant mariners in all seaports of the world."

The current edition of the handbook was published in 1937, and much of its information is now purely academic—for instance, the fact that there are free concerts by a string band at the Seemansheim in Bremen, and that the principal place of interest in Trondheim, Norway, is a twelfth-century cathedral. The next edition, due in 1942, will doubtless take cognizance of the new order of things. As we said, you can't get into trouble if you follow the handbook. The reader is



"I've got it! Let's change hods."

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warned that in Bilbao "good clean boyish fun if of a boisterous nature may incur trouble with the police." Sailors planning a night in Funchal are advised that "Madeira wine, young or old, is extremely heady, and should be drunk, if at all, in moderation." The red-light district of Dakar, French West Africa, is bluntly characterized as "very bad." Among the pertinent facts about Algiers are these sinister sentences: "Caution. Avoid the Kasbah quarter at night and beware of native women."

Mrs. Howard did not, of course, gather any of these facts herself. The Seamen's Library circularizes consulates, Y.M.C.A. branches, seamen's institutions, and the like, sending them a blank form to fill out and requesting any additional facts that might be useful to mariners. Some of the additional useful facts that have come in from far-flung ports have never found their way into the handbook. One eager correspondent wrote that the native girls on the west coast of Africa may be readily and agreeably impressed by the gift of an inexpensive can of condensed milk. Another mariner sent Mrs. Howard a rambling narrative, which he felt might in future be of help to some of his fellows, about how he got drunk in Bombay, was attacked by a mob of natives, and escaped by catching hold of a sacred white cow and leading it back to his ship; seems that the natives couldn't touch him while he had hold of the cow.

The information is collated by a Boston lady, Miss Laura R. Gibbs, a readers' adviser in the Boston Public Library. As editor, Mrs. Howard confines herself to maintaining the elevated tone of the handbook and, by the same token, the standard of living of any sailor who follows its advice. For example, seamen are advised that in Newport, Mrs. Howard's home town, they can get a clean bed at the Muenchinger-King, "rooms $5 up." The place to go in Rio is the Copacabana, $4 to $8 a day. In New York, if you see a sailor hanging around the Pennsylvania, the New Yorker, the McAlpin, or the Commodore, looking lonesome, it's a good bet that he was sent there by the handbook.

Literary Mystery

WHILE leafing through a copy of Alexander Woollcott's "While Rome Burns" (Grosset & Dunlap, nineteenth printing), a friend of ours chanced upon a passage, in the essay entitled "The Last of Frank Harris," which stirs up the old controversy as to who was the real-life model for the hero of Kaufman and Hart's play "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It's popularly supposed to be Woollcott, but the friends of Monty Woolley, who created the rôle in New York, claim to see in it as much Woolley as Woollcott, and Woolley himself has always said it might as well be George Bernard Shaw. Well . . .

> In those days, Shaw was a passionate cyclist, and as he was also uncommonly brittle, one or another of his valuable bones was usually in splints. One such catastrophe of the highway deposited him in front of Miss Townshend's home with a broken leg.
>
> "Well," Harris said, "there he lay being nursed within an inch of his life and simply terrified by a conviction that if he lingered another day in that softening atmosphere, he would ask the woman to marry him. So before he had learned how to manage his crutches, he attempted flight. But he slipped on the top step and crashed to the bottom, not only breaking his fool leg again, but cracking the other as well."

If you've seen the play, the parallel will be obvious. Our friend says that if he were twenty years younger, he'd put in for a Guggenheim Fellowship and straighten the matter out for good.

Musical Major

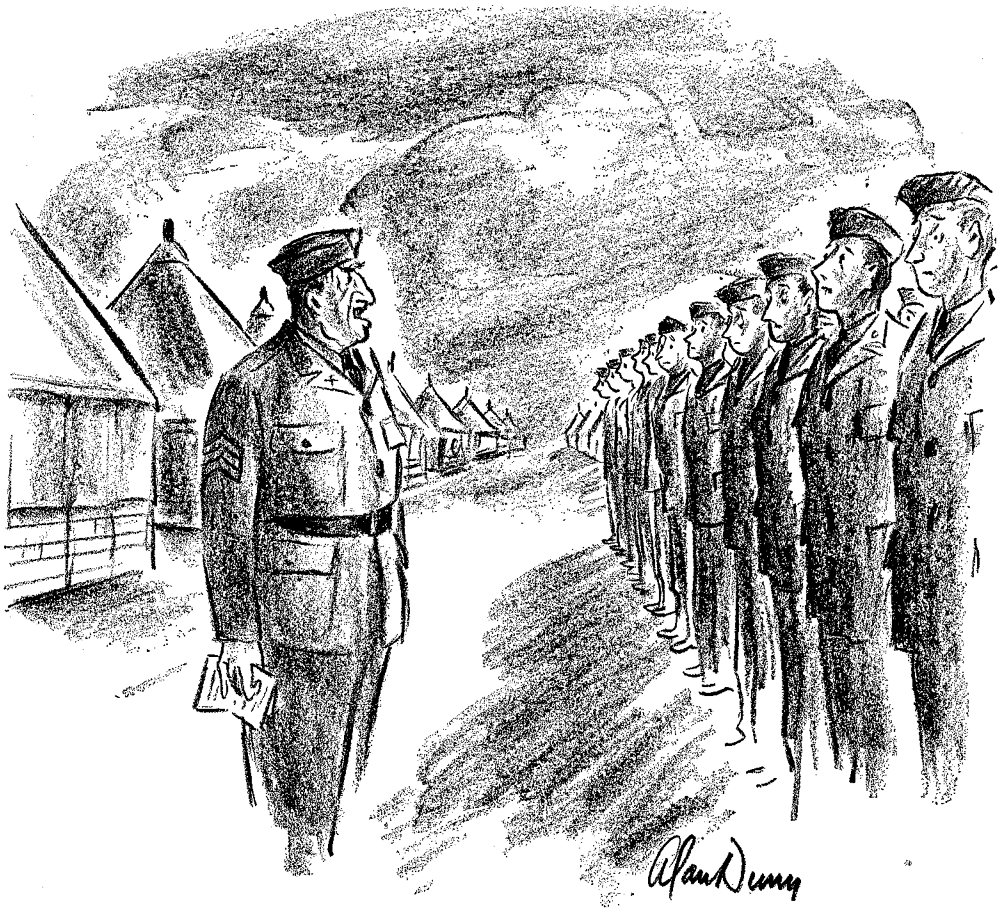
WE didn't get to the New York City Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall last month at which Major John A. Warner, Superintendent of the New York State Police and a son-in-law of Al Smith, played Rachmaninoff's first piano concerto, but after reading in Olin Downes' account of this event in the *Times* that the Major manifested "exceptional beauty of tone," we resolved, as a student of versatility, to call on him at the first opportunity. Major Warner, who lives in Albany, visits Manhattan every week or so on departmental business and to take in a concert or two; we caught him on a recent Sunday morning at his father-in-law's apartment at 820 Fifth Avenue, where he and his wife, the former Miss Emily Smith, always stay when in town. The Major received us at 10:15 sharp, in a living room full of paintings, books, flowers, canaries, and photographs of Mr. Smith and his family. Major Warner is a friendly, urbane man of fifty-four and has a trim gray mustache; he was wearing a gray suit with a subdued check. He told us he studied piano as a boy in Rochester and kept it up at Harvard, where he wrote the music for a Hasty Pudding show ("The Builders of Babylon") and was in the class of 1909, along with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Putzi Hanfstaengl. He informed us that he and Hanfstaengl occasionally played four-handed piano together as undergraduates, and we asked him who, in his considered opinion, was better. The Major thought for a moment. "Hanfstaengl's playing was different," he said. "It was more active. The piano usually had to be repaired after he got through. I don't think his music could have had a soothing effect on Hitler later."

After college, Warner went to Europe for a couple of years, studying piano in Florence with Giuseppe Buonamici, a pupil of Liszt, and in Paris with Harold Bauer. Although not an architect, he then went into his father's architectural firm in Rochester; he played at friends' houses from time to time, but didn't try any concert work. In 1917, as the result of showing a certain military promise in the National Guard, he was appointed a lieutenant in the newly organized New York State Police, and he gave up both architecture and the piano. More future in police work, he thought. He didn't take up his music again until 1934; since then he has appeared as soloist with a number of orchestras, including the Cleveland Symphony, the Massachusetts State Symphony, and the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra. He trains for two weeks before each concert; during this period he practices for an hour before going to his office in the morning, and for two or three hours in the evening, after dinner. Major Warner advised us that his musical and police activities do not dovetail in any way. His job as head of the New York State Police is to supervise some nine hundred men, the largest state force in the country. In the early days the Major was a motorcycle cop and used to arrest speeders and stickup men personally. He was recommended for the Superintendency in 1923 by Al Smith, then Governor, who didn't become his father-in-law until three years later. "I first met my wife at a testimonial dinner for Sophie Irene Loeb at the Commodore," the Major told us.

Ex-Governor Smith came into the room at this point, shook our hand hurriedly, and made for the dining room. "He's hungry," Major Warner explained. "He and Mrs. Smith go to church at ten every Sunday and then come back and breakfast at eleven." He said that Mr. Smith wasn't a rabid concertgoer. "Sometimes I accompany him while he sings things like 'The Sidewalks of New York,' 'Annie Rooney,' and 'The Gay Caballero,' " said the Major, whose favorite composer is Bach. He presented us with a copy of the 1939 annual report of the New York State Troopers Executive Department (total miles of road patrolled, 11,214,217; fines collected, $357,677.12; sheep-killing dogs killed, 206) and an old *Sun* clipping about himself which said, "He works as a precisionist both in music and law enforcement." As we rose to go, he reached under our chair and produced a button which, unknown to us, had come off our coat. "Just a little detective work," said the Major. "I saw your button was missing and kept looking till I found it."

High Standards

A SOUTHERN lady who was brought to New York by the illness of a relative was told that she could get a good room, inexpensive and close to the hospital, at a religious hostel called the National Bible Institute, on West Fifty-fifth Street. Sure enough, the Institute's clerk had an acceptable room. He gave her a registration blank to fill out, and she was amused to see that it asked for her religious denomination. "I'm Unitarian, so I suppose you won't let me in," she said playfully. "No, we won't," the clerk said, and he *wasn't* playing. She had to go somewhere else.



"And hereafter if there's anything you don't like, come to me—don't write to Mrs. Roosevelt."

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY APLEY

(A BRIEF GRAPPLE WITH THE BOSTON LEGEND AFTER READING THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MR. J. P. MARQUAND ON THE SUBJECT)

CHAPTER I

GRINDLE POINT was always best in the fall. If I knew how to write, I could tell how the old river went dreaming by in the sun and how the copper beeches marched down to its bank in strict and orderly procession. Sometimes in the morning, before the mist had burned away, the trees looked like silver ghosts and there were diamonds in the grass on the lawn. Time itself seemed to hang suspended in that clear, level light, so it was easy to believe that all the people who had once lived there were there still and always would be. As I've said, however, I am not a writer, and all I know is that I am part of Grindle Point. It is where I belong.

I shall never forget the day I came back to it after the war. My father was in his study, reading the *Transcript* and eating an apple, as he always did in the late afternoon.

"Hello," he said. "Kill any Germans?"

"Eight or nine," I said. "Nothing to amount to much."

"I suppose not," he said. "Naturally you were decorated?"

"Well, yes," I said. I hadn't meant to tell anybody about the medal, because there is nothing worse than showing off. I only hoped he wouldn't mention it to the servants.

"You look older," he said. "Probably time you were thinking of getting married."

"I don't know," I said. "I've never been much good at that kind of thing."

"An awkward business," said my father. "Going off that way with a comparatively strange woman."

I could see he was embarrassed. He wanted to tell me something, but it was hard because we had never talked together very freely.

"A damned awkward business," he repeated irritably. "They ought to have told you about it at Harvard. I suppose it's customary these days to assume that a gentleman knows about these things instinctively, but sometimes he doesn't."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"All a man can do is try to play the game," he said. "It won't be easy, especially with your training, but the Apleys have always got through it somehow. With me it was always something one owed to Harvard. A matter of loyalty."

I could understand that. Harvard had made me what I was, and the least I could do in return was to make a certain amount of effort.

"I'll do my best, sir," I said.

Just the same, I wasn't happy when I got up to my old room and started unpacking my bag. Outside my window the river lay opalescent in the twilight, but for a moment I saw it as a dark and relentless torrent bearing me on into the unknowable future, and I shuddered. I didn't want to get married; I just wanted to go back to Harvard.

CHAPTER II

I WAS bringing George Hill's trunk up from the cellar. It was pretty heavy, and I put it down for a minute outside the library door. I didn't mean to listen, of course, but I couldn't help hearing them inside.

"We've got to be careful," said Jane. "He may be feeble-minded, but he isn't blind."

George laughed. "He went to Harvard, didn't he?" he said.

I came in and put the trunk down. My wife was sitting on George's lap. She looked tired, and I felt guilty. It was probably an imposition to ask her to entertain George, because after all he was my guest.

"Who went to Harvard?" I asked idiotically.

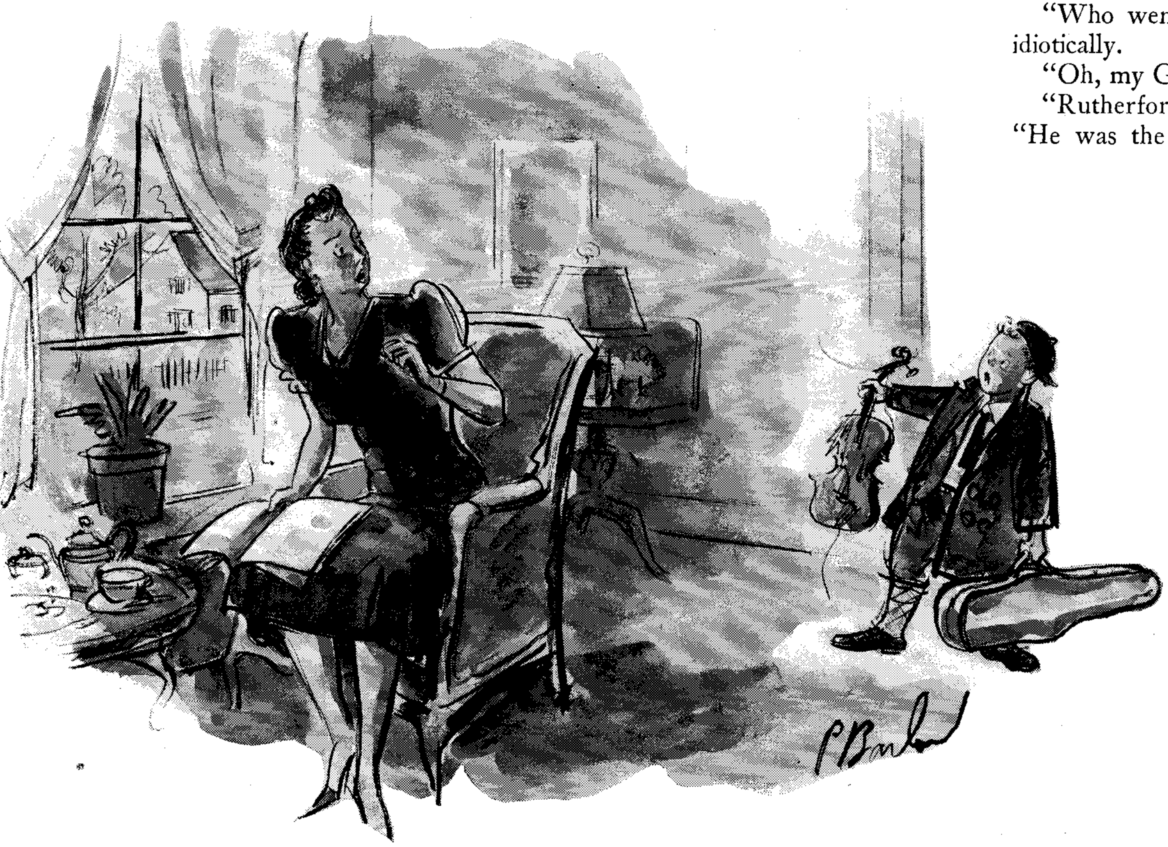
"Oh, my God," said Jane.

"Rutherford B. Hayes," said George. "He was the typical Harvard man—dense but energetic."

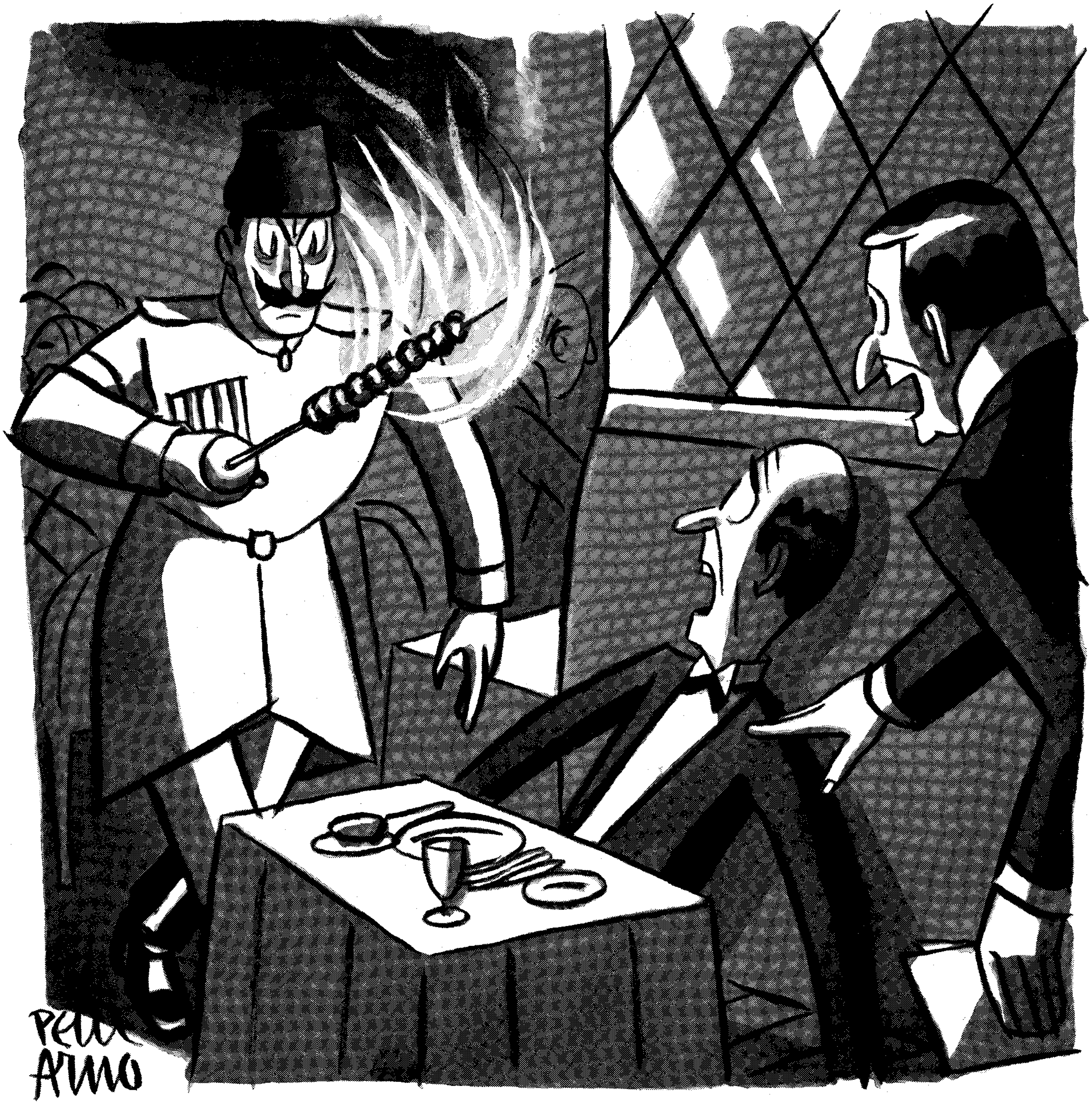
George often talked that way, probably because he had gone to school at St. Paul's in Garden City instead of the right one. Afterward, of course, he'd run sixty yards against Yale with a broken neck, and he'd made Hedgehog and the Scapula Club, but he never seemed to feel the same way about Harvard as the rest of us.

"Listen, clumsy," said Jane. "How about getting on with that trunk?"

"Well," I said, "I thought I might just sit down here with you two for a minute and have a drink. My feet hurt."



"Professor Bettrachelli busted it over my head."



"Steady, sir! There's no cause for alarm."

"Never mind about your feet," said Jane. "You get that trunk out in the car. George and I have to start right away if we're going to get to New York before it's dark."

"You're going to New York?" I asked. "You and George?"

"Just for the weekend," said George. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," I said, "but some people might think it was a little odd. You know how it is in Boston."

"My God," said Jane, "I think he's jealous!"

"Of old George?" That made me laugh. I knew a lot of things had changed since I was at Harvard, but of course there were a lot of other things that never changed. I hadn't quite liked George's remark about Rutherford B. Hayes, who, incidentally, had only gone to the law school, but he was my best friend and I knew he was a gentleman. He might be wrong about some things, but he'd be right about the important ones, and that was what really mattered.

They came out while I was still strapping the trunk onto the car, and climbed into the front seat. George started the motor.

"Goodbye," I said. "Have a good time."

"Goodbye, darling," said Jane. "Don't forget to put the cat out."

It was like Jane to think about the cat, even when she was tired and upset. I smiled as I watched the car dropping out of sight down the drive. Things often work out a lot better than you have any business to hope they will.

—Wolcott Gibbs

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Freddie Dawes stopped his new car in front of the two-family house in White Plains where his parents lived. He blew the horn, and he and Alice, his wife, watched the house windows anxiously, waiting for someone to notice them. They seemed satisfied when Mrs. Dawes separated the curtains at one of the living-room windows and waved. They got out of the car and went up the walk to the house.

"Why, it's a beautiful car, Freddie!" Mrs. Dawes exclaimed when she met them. "It's the most beautiful car I've ever seen. How are you, dear? You're looking well." She kissed them both and helped Alice off with her coat. "What a lovely coat! A new coat, dear?" Mrs. Dawes weighed and handled the fur enviously. She often told herself and her friends that she was reconciled to living out the rest of her life in modest circumstances, but a fur coat could still fill her with envy and embarrassment.

"Yes," Alice said. "Isn't it good-looking?"

"Terribly good-looking. I think a good Persian lamb is so much better than a lot of this mink you see on the streets."

"She has a new coat and a lot of new dresses," Freddie said. It was a Saturday afternoon and he looked so radiant that his mother suspected him of drinking. "Is Dad around?"

"Yes, dear. He's down cellar. He went down to look at the furnace." Mrs. Dawes was a thin-faced woman whose sweetness seemed forced, but this was her manner. She was only fifty, but her idea of hospitality was already old-fashioned. "And that's a lovely dress you have on, Alice. It's very becoming. You have such good taste. Come right in, come right in. I haven't had a chance to clean this room. I should have thrown those flowers out yesterday."

Mrs. Dawes led them into the living room. The family had lived in larger houses and heavy furniture crowded the small apartment. There was the noise of someone shaking a grate in the cellar. "God-damned furnace!" Mr. Dawes cried. His voice carried up the register. The two children of the family who lived upstairs thundered over the floor above. Mrs. Dawes ignored these noises. "A new car and a new fur coat," she said. "Why, it looks as though good times were here again."

"Good times *are* here again," Freddie said.

"Shall we tell her now?"

"No," Freddie told Alice. "Let's wait until Dad comes up. We've got a surprise for you, Mother."

"Really?"

"Two surprises. Or three, I guess."

"Bronxville, Fleetwood, Mount Vernon, Wakefield, Woodlawn, Williamsbridge, Botanical Garden!" Mr. Dawes called. "Fordham, Tremont, Claremont, Morrisania!" He was standing in the door wearing the motorman's cap and the white gloves he put on whenever he went into the cellar. They all laughed, and he took off his cap and gloves, greeted Alice affectionately, and went to the window with Freddie to admire the new car.

"And Alice has a fur coat," Mrs. Dawes said.

"Well, well, well." Mr. Dawes sat down in his chair in the corner.

"What shall we tell them first?" Freddie asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, in the first place," Freddie said, "I've got a raise." He sat down; he had been too excited to sit still until then. "Mr. Fellowes likes me and says there's every chance that I'll get a big bonus this year. Also, if Shay goes to Newport News, I'll be put in charge of the loft. We have enough work to keep us busy for five years. We have six thousand men working at the Brooklyn yard now, and next year we'll have ten thousand. I guess there's not much for Alice and me to worry about and of course that makes us very happy. Only that isn't what we came to tell you. We came to tell you that we're going to buy the Greenwich Avenue house and that we want you to come and live with us."

"You're going to do what?" his father said.

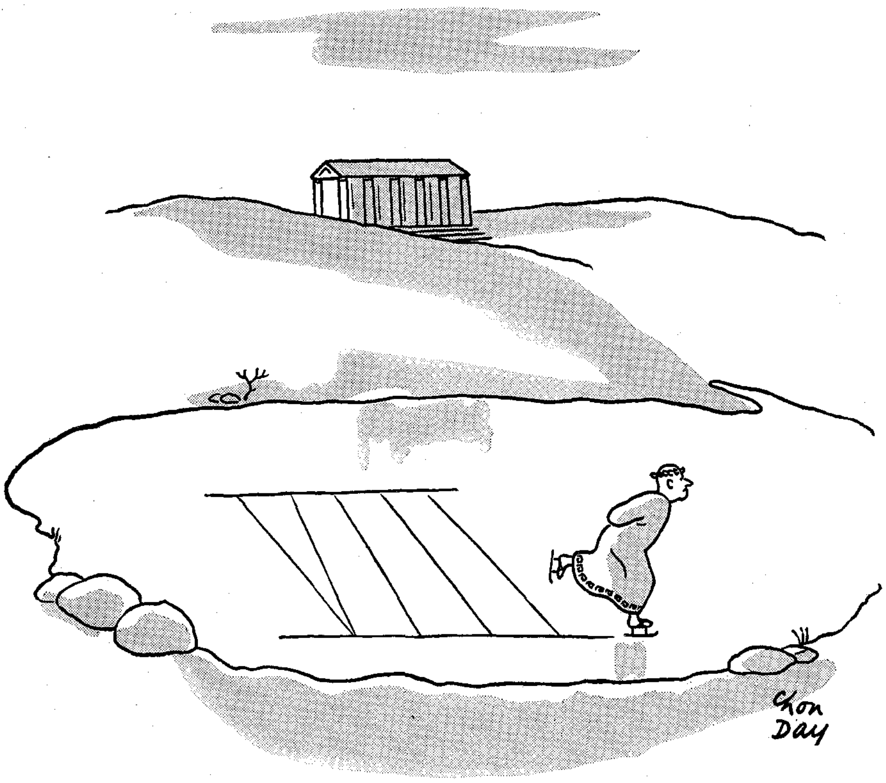
The astonishment in his parents' faces was what Freddie had wanted to see. He settled comfortably in his chair and said, "We're going to buy the Greenwich Avenue house back from the bank."

"Why, I think that's wonderful!" Mrs. Dawes said. "I think that's wonderful. I can have all my things again. Why, I think—"

"Are you sure you want to do this, Freddie?" Mr. Dawes asked in a quiet voice.

"Of course, Dad. Of course I want to do it. I tell you we have enough contracts at the yard to keep us going for the next five years. They've got to build ships. You can't get away from it. They'll be building ships for the rest of my life, war or peace. I've got a good job at the yard. I'm in on the ground floor and I'm going to get ahead. Remember the Muirs? They used to live in that gray house on North Street. He got into Bethlehem in 1915 and by the end of the war you couldn't see him for money."

"It seems terrible to make money out of a war," Mrs. Dawes said. "Some of the ships you build may be sunk and the men on them will be drowned."



“There’s no sense in having any scruples about that,” Freddie said. “I’m really a pacifist myself, but you have to make an adjustment to the world you’re living in. It’s in man’s nature to fight, I think. There’s always a war going on. The survival of the fittest, the law of the jungle. You have to be aggressive, you have to be forceful. You can’t be handicapped by too many scruples. I’ve got a chance to make money and I’m going to make it.”

“Do you want my honest opinion, Freddie?” Mr. Dawes asked. “I mean about the house.”

“Of course I want your honest opinion, Dad,” Freddie replied out of politeness. He had not counted on any discussion and it made him impatient.

“Don’t do it, Freddie. Don’t tie up your money in property like that. Put your money in a tin box. Bury it in the garden.”

“Perley, what are you talking about?” Mrs. Dawes asked.

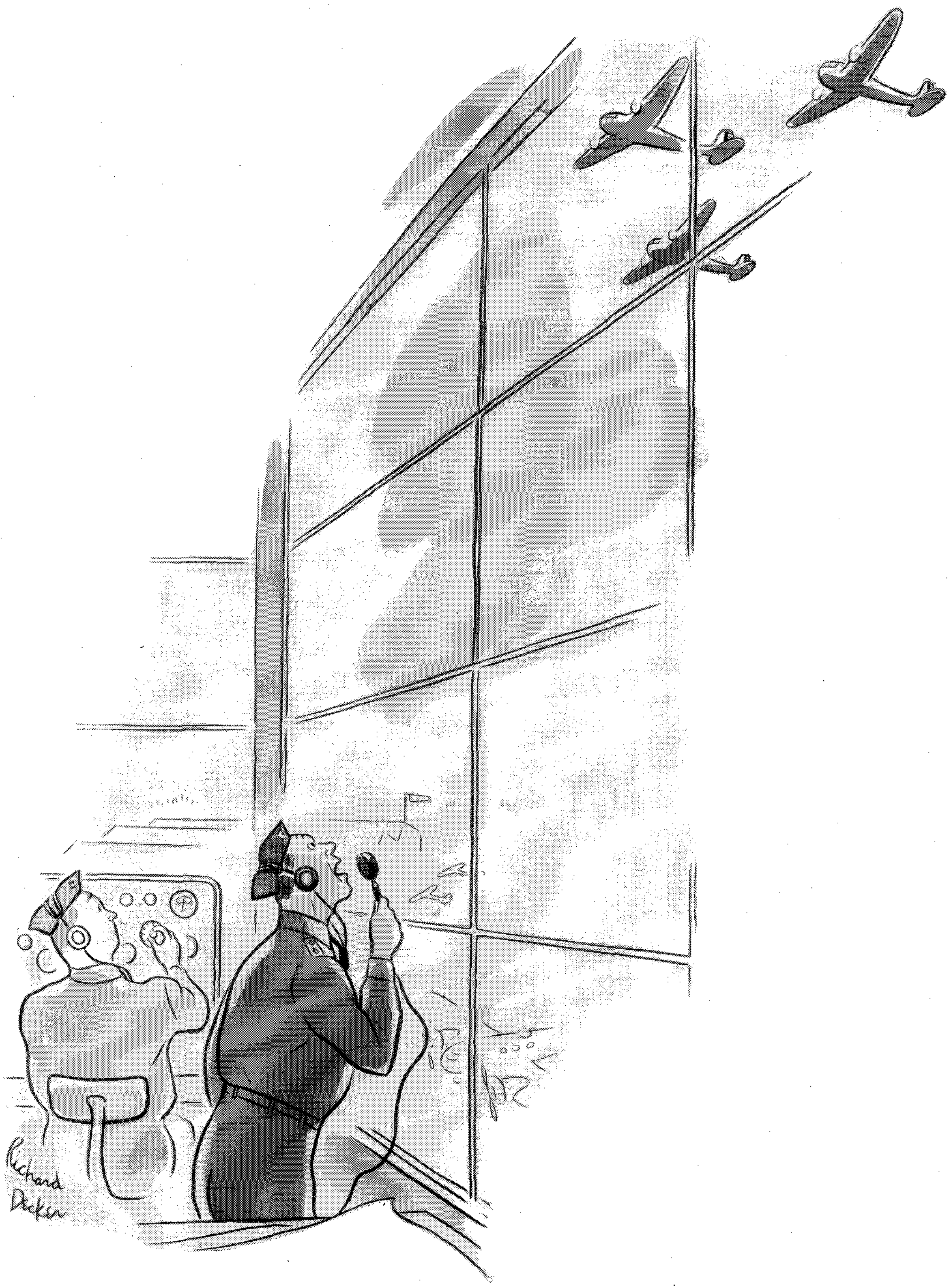
“I’m telling Freddie that I don’t think he ought to buy the Greenwich Avenue house.”

“Well, I think that’s very ungrateful of you.” Mrs. Dawes had already begun to imagine herself entertaining again in the large living room on Greenwich Avenue. Her husband’s moodiness during the past few years had made her acutely aware of the fifteen years’ difference in their ages; she was patient with him, but to have him threaten something she desired was more than she could stand. “Now that Alice and Freddie have money, they could do something for themselves first,” she said, “but instead of that, they’ve thought of us, and I think it’s very ungrateful of you to criticize them.”

“I don’t know how much you’re making, Freddie,” Mr. Dawes said. He crossed his legs. “When I built that house I was making fifteen thousand, and I’d been making that for some time. Fifteen years later I was out on the street.”

“You let me worry about the money, Dad. I can take care of that myself.” Freddie turned to his mother. “Of course, the place has run down a lot in eight years,” he said. “I went over the house on Thursday with the contractor. He’ll do a good job for four thousand dollars and the bank will loan me the money.”

“Freddie took me through the house,” Alice told Mrs. Dawes. The two women were holding hands. “I think it’s a beautiful place. And there’s plenty of room for all of us.”



“Calling 3259. Wind north-northwest. Velocity fifteen miles. You’re number five to land. And keep well buttoned up—we don’t want any sniffles around here.”

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“I went over to see it a year—a year and a half ago,” Mrs. Dawes said sadly. “The lawn was hay. The shades were all down and streaked—you know how they get. Someone had stolen all of my perennials, all of the rosebushes. It made me feel ashamed to see a place of ours looking like that.”

“You’ll like it when you get back there, Dad,” Freddie said.

“It’s not that I don’t like it, Freddie, and it’s not that I don’t appreciate what you’re doing. I don’t like to see you tie your money up.”

“I’ve told you we have enough contracts at the yard to keep us busy for five years. I wouldn’t have gone into this if I hadn’t felt sure of the future.”

“Five years isn’t very long. You don’t know what’s coming.”

Freddie, governing his temper, said quickly, “Well, I’m not going to argue about it.”

“There isn’t any argument,” Mr. Dawes said. “I’ve just seen it happen too many times. I’ve moved too many times—Davis Avenue, Dupont Avenue, Greenwich Avenue. I’ve made and spent a lot of money in my time, and my father before me. When your mother and I went in town to the theatre, we used to spend more than it costs us now for a month's rent and food. We used to stay over at the Plaza. A big, beautiful suite, a view of the Park. Now if we want to go to the movies, we have to wait until the picture comes to a ten-cent house. In the last ten years—"

"Oh, the last ten years," Mrs. Dawes said impatiently. "No one has been able to call their life their own in the last ten years."

"Between 1918 and 1928 I bought eleven Buicks."

"That's all past and gone!" Mrs. Dawes said.

"My grandfather used to be a rich man," Mr. Dawes said quietly. "If my grandfather had wanted a suit of clothes made of ten-thousand-dollar bills, he could have had one made, and if he lost that suit, he could have had another made the next day. He went out to California in '73 and opened a bank. He went broke. He died in Texas, working on a ranch with Mexicans and Chinamen."

"He's been dead fifty years," Mrs. Dawes said.

"I worked hard," Mr. Dawes said. His wife's remarks had irritated him and he lifted his voice and leaned forward in his chair. "I worked hard and intelligently. I not only took care of myself and you and your mother but I saw that the men who worked for me got well paid and taken care of too." The excitement of the recollection seemed to be more than he could contain and he got up from his chair and began to stamp around the room, shouting, "I would have been better off if I'd gone to work for the god-damned railroad! Trainmen get pensions. I don't want to stay at the Plaza. I don't want to live on Greenwich Avenue. All I want to know is where I'm going to be buried!"

Mr. Dawes hurried back to his chair and sat there with his head turned away, so they could not see that he was crying. Freddie would have spoken, but Mrs. Dawes signalled for him not to. "The Osgoods will be glad to have us back on Greenwich Avenue," she said nervously. "They've always been afraid some foreigners would move into the house. It damages the character of a street to have a big place like that run down. It was getting to be an eyesore."

Mr. Dawes dried his face and shifted in his chair.

"There's one more thing," Freddie said. "It's the most important of all. Alice is going to have a child."

"Really! When?" Mrs. Dawes cried.

"October."

"No, no, no, Freddie!" Mr. Dawes wailed. "Not now. Wait a little while. You don't know what's coming. Nobody knows. In Europe they have to stand in line to get a place to sleep, they have to stand in line to get a drink of water, they have to stand in line—"

"I think you've said enough, Dad." Freddie crossed the room and put his arm around his wife. She had begun to cry. "Never mind, darling," he whispered. "Never mind, sweetheart." He turned angrily on his father. "You've upset Alice. It's bad for her and you ought to know that—a man of your age." When he spoke again it was in a low voice, as if he were trying to conceal what he said from his father. "I think we'd better go, Mother. This has been too strenuous for Alice." The three of them went out of the room.

Mr. Dawes could hear them in the hallway. "You mustn't pay any attention to him," Mrs. Dawes was saying. "He'll be perfectly happy as soon as he gets into the new house. I don't know what's come over him. I suppose it's old age. Old people don't like change. But he'll come around. You call me on Monday and we'll go over to see the house together. Take good care of yourself, Alice dear." Mr. Dawes heard them whispering and kissing goodbye; he heard the door creak open and shut.

—John Cheever

EPITAPH FOR A FASHIONABLE LADY

She has gone away at last from her several stations,
She will be seen no more at fashionable places,
No longer is she an ornament to nations,
She is missing among the international faces.

Sun Valley is silent, the skis are very quiet,
Though quick blades murmur her name across the ice.
And remembering pine trees take up the name and sigh it,
But they do not sigh it twice.

She is gone, she is gone, says the condor beyond the Andes;
Departed, departed, says the safe Scottish grouse;
Gone, too, says a gull at Cannes, are the gaudy dandies
From her empty house.

She will never return, says the West End, never return;
Lost, lost, says the villa, the gardens all are dying;
We have not seen her, say the towns that burn,
But we saw the bombers flying.

Where is the lady of beauty and high degree
Who occasioned soft conversation wherever she moved?
Did she depart by land or depart by sea?
Was her flight approved?

When she left, did she lock the gilded doors behind her?
Did she look on the strangers she met with love or loathing?
Has she gone to a country where her friends may find her,
Or did her doors open on nothing?

There is only one fact: she is gone, and gone forever,
And to all our questions there can be no answer.
It is useless to ask her lovers, blond and clever,
Or her protégé, the dancer.

Well, the lake of her ardor is drained, and her fire is ashes,
And there is really nothing more to say.
Report her voyage to the waiters with waxed mustaches,
And let her go her way.

—Harry Brown

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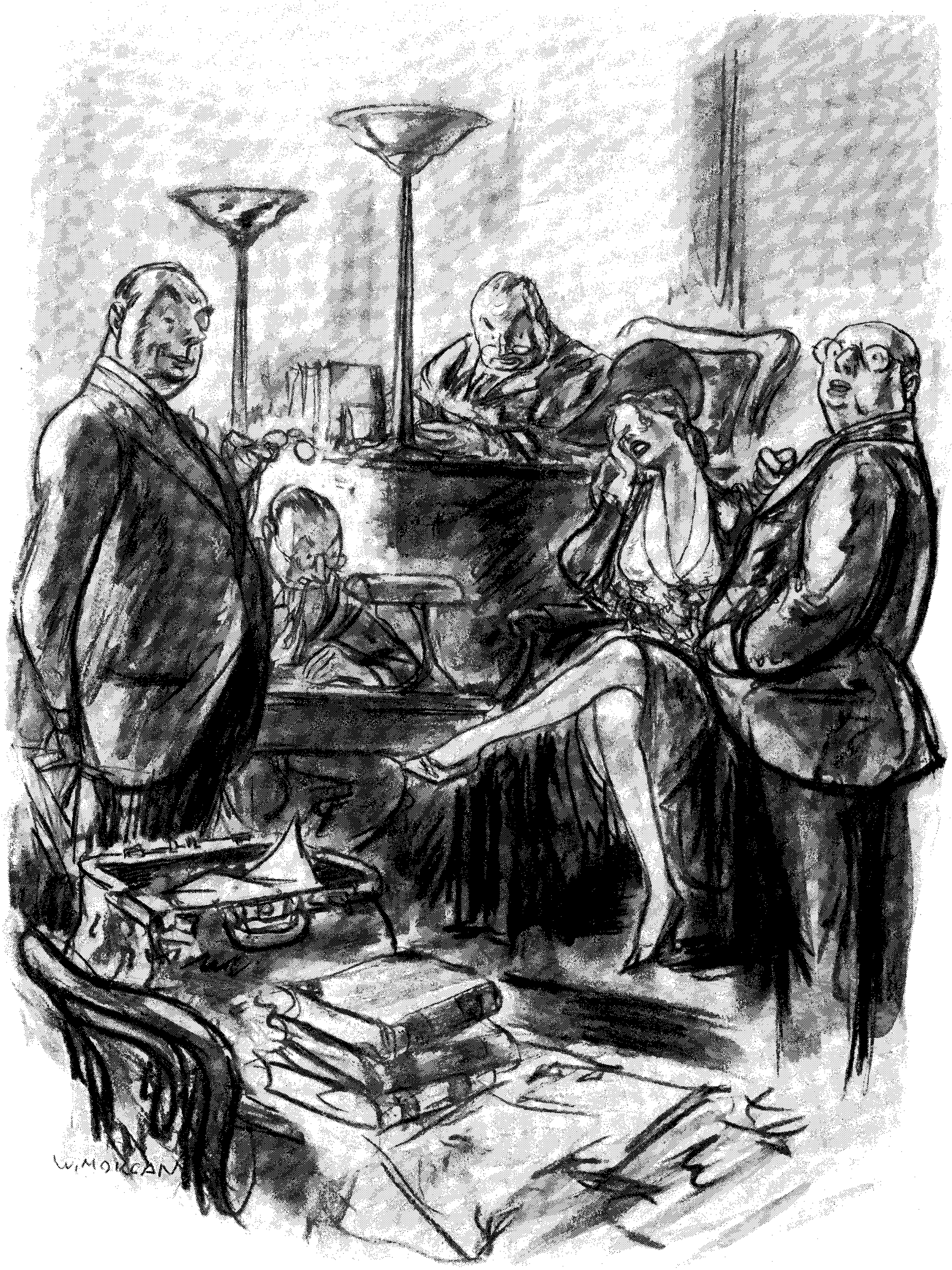
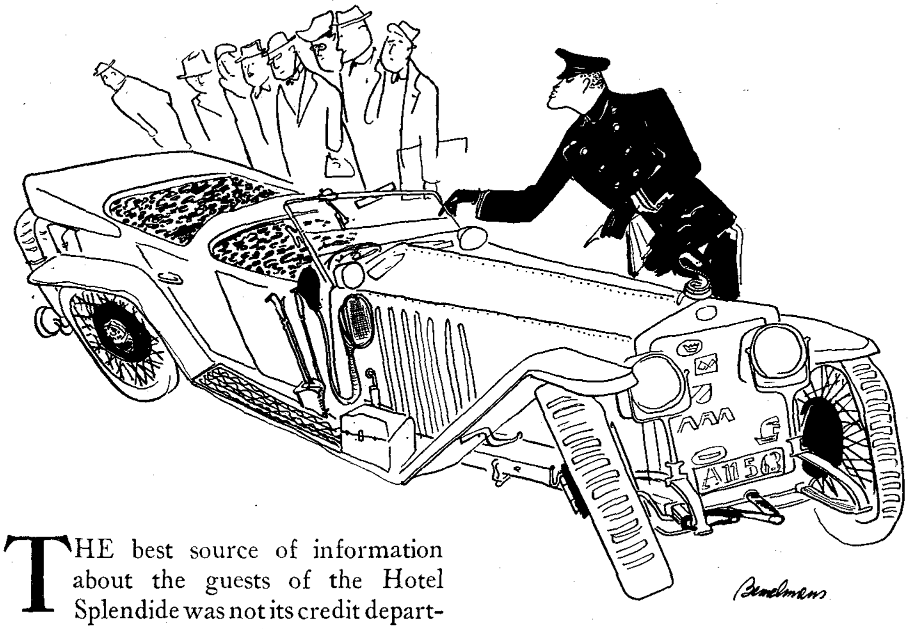


"Now that you've made her cry, I hope you're happy!"

THE SPLENDIDE'S HISPANO



THE best source of information about the guests of the Hotel Splendide was not its credit department or the manager's office but the couriers' dining room. Under the heading of couriers came the chauffeurs, valets, butlers, nurses, and footmen who were not employed by the hotel but travelled with the guests as their personal servants. To them were assigned small rooms on the air shafts; they were fed a table-d'hôte menu in the couriers' dining room. This apartment was a market for scandal, a place to which they all rushed and in which they lingered over the second and third cup of coffee, comparing notes, exchanging griefs and complaints. In English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and in all the various dialects of these languages, the infirmities and vices of the great were laid bare. The choicest filth was on tap in the couriers' dining room, and from there it flowed out through the hotel; the best items travelled all the way up to the roof, where the Splendide's florist presided over his hothouse, and all the way down to the fourth basement, where the plumbers had their workbench.

One rainy April afternoon the telephone rang in my office; I was an assistant to the assistant banquet manager of the Splendide. When I picked up the receiver, Pacifico, the valet of a Cuban marquis who was staying at the hotel, asked me whether I'd like to buy a car, a fine car, very cheap. If I wanted it, he said, would I buy it right away?

"This afternoon, please," he urged. "I will sell it at any price. I want to be rid of this car."

The marquis was immensely wealthy and he and his entourage occupied an entire floor of the Hotel Splendide. He was a small man, fat and smelling like a box of candy. He wore high heels and his blue-black hair was glued to his head with pomade. Through the gossip of the couriers' dining room, I had heard all about him. I knew that he was kind to Pacifico one day, embraced him, gave him watches and rings, sent him to the theatre, and beat him the next. I knew also that the marquis had a wife and many children in a palace in Havana, that he had a house in Paris, that here in New York he resided with a young girl he had brought along from France.

Her name was Nicole, but the Cuban's servants called her La Platina because of her bleached yellow hair. She was a routine French mannequin, nice enough, with a sweet face, a small mouth and nose, and the glossy eyes of a Pomeranian. On the street, smartly dressed in fine furs, her eyes shaded by her hat, she was quite exciting. But in the corridors and restaurants of the Splendide, where women of fortunate faces and figures were as common as champagne bottles, no one turned around to look at her.

The marquis never let her out of his sight. Half Indian, dark as the fine cigars he smoked, he danced around her with unending clumsy caresses. He held onto her, softly pushed her before him, stroked her, sat her down, stood her up, and often left one hand in her lap while he ate with the other. Pacifico said that the marquis even undressed and bathed her himself.

The Platina was fond of tuberoses but could not stand their scent. The house florist had been instructed by the marquis to fill her rooms with them and to cover them with glass cloches.

The marquis had two cars. On cold days, when he wanted to use the closed car, a Minerva, Pacifico telephoned the temperature of the marquis's apartment down to the doorman, who then conveyed this information to the chauffeur. The Minerva had a small thermometer on the instrument board. When the marquis and the Platina got into the car an hour or so later, they always found that it was the same temperature as their rooms.

The marquis's other car, an open Hispano, was painted café au lait, to match the Platina's two Afghan hounds, who always rode with her. The marquis hated dogs, but he put up with the hounds because the Platina loved them. The Hispano was custom-built, long and low. Its tonneau was built by the Carosserie Saoutchik. It had won the Prix d'Elégance at the Automobile Salon in Paris and later a race at Monaco. The seats were upholstered in leopard skin, and whenever the car was parked anywhere, it was hidden in a few moments by a throng of curious people.

The marquis was a devout Catholic and every Sunday was driven in one car or the other to High Mass and to confession on Saturdays. The object of his special devotion was the Madonna. On a chest just outside the marquis's bedroom stood an altar, and on it, in a small bed of Spanish lace, reposed an exquisitely dressed, much-blessed statue of the Virgin—antique and jewel-studded, with the Christ Child in her arms. There were other statues of the Virgin all over the apartment, and into the dashboard of the Hispano a miniature tabernacle had been built. There, behind glass in a tiny grotto, stood a silver statue of the Madonna, a few inches high. When the driver pushed a small button, the Madonna turned her back on the occupants of the car, so that she could not be offended by whatever went on in the deep, soft seats of the elegant vehicle.

ON the day before Pacifico phoned and offered to sell me the Hispano, the Platina had been driving it in city traffic. She had come up behind a truck loaded with steel girders that stuck far out in the rear. It was assumed in the couriers' dining room that instead of putting her foot on the brake, the Platina had pushed down on the accelerator. Anyway, the car shot ahead, and the girders, smashing in on her, almost severed her head from her body. When the car was brought back to the hotel there were bloodstains on the leopard skin of the driver's seat. The windshield was broken; so were the headlights. The radiator was pushed against the engine.

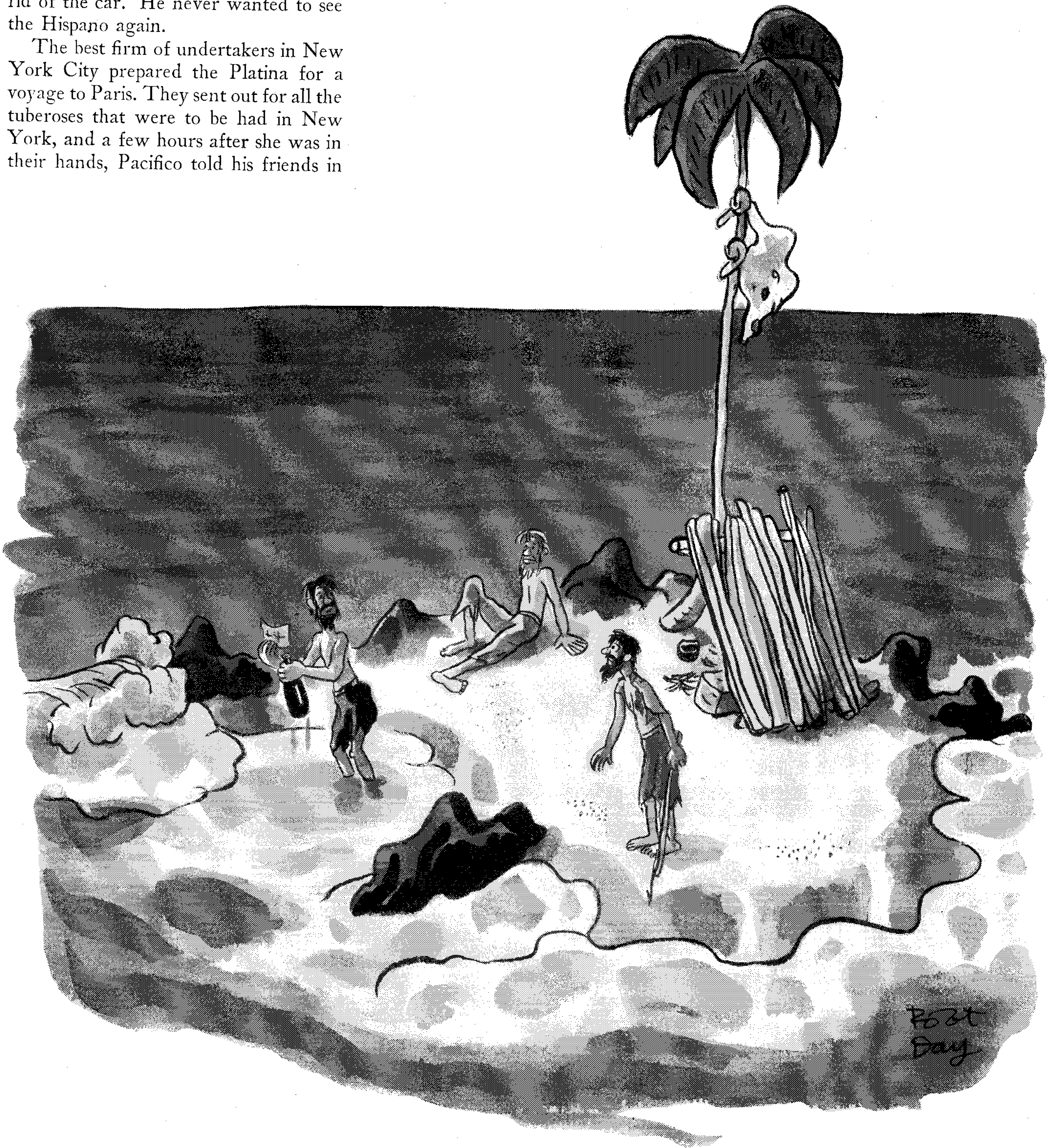
The marquis wanted to kill himself. He had cursed the Madonna and then he had begun to weep. He had prayed on his knees all night. At daybreak he had instructed his servants to pack and had obtained passage on the next boat for France. Then he had told Pacifico to have the dogs destroyed and to get rid of the car. He never wanted to see the Hispano again.

The best firm of undertakers in New York City prepared the Platina for a voyage to Paris. They sent out for all the tuberoses that were to be had in New York, and a few hours after she was in their hands, Pacifico told his friends in the couriers' dining room, she was prettier than she had ever been before.

ALL such things are not as important and terrible as they would be outside a large hotel. In a hotel too much is happening—the guests eat and drink, laugh and complain as at any time, the orchestras play in the restaurants, the hum of conversation is not a shade lower. Whatever is unpleasant is done quietly. When someone has died in a hotel, two men carry a plain basket out of a side door early in the morning.

I did not want the Hispano. I knew that it was an expensive toy to keep, that it used too much gas, that replacements were costly. I did not like its color or the leopard-skin upholstery. But Pacifico offered it to me for almost nothing—the repairs would cost more than the car—and so I bought it.

The next afternoon my friend Kalakobé, a huge and very black Senegalese



"It's from some castaways on an island. They want help."

whose job it was to wash the enormous iron pots and casseroles that were used in the hotel's kitchens, came to visit me in my office. I told him about the Hispano. Immediately he wanted to see it, and so I took him over to the Splendide's garage and showed him the car. He turned the pink palms of his black hands toward it and said, "*Quelle merveille!*" The dream of his life was to be a doorman, to have any kind of job that required him to wear a uniform. Now he saw his chance. Kalakobé said he would get one after the car was repaired and painted, and on his days off be my driver. In his free hours he would take care of the car and shine it—all out of sheer love.

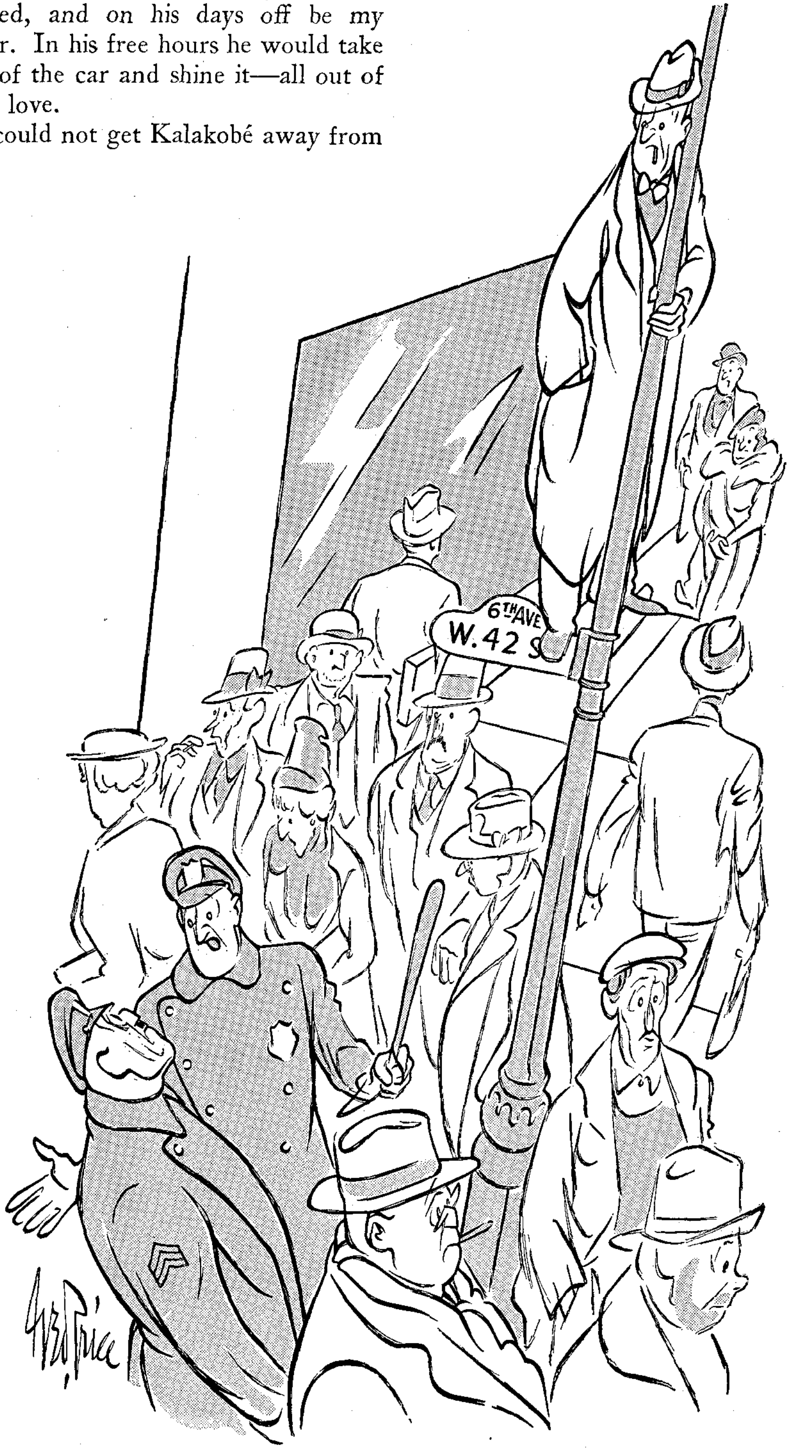
I could not get Kalakobé away from the Hispano until I agreed. He begged me to keep the leopard skin—just to have the bloodstains taken out. He straightened a rug and tried the emergency brake, which was on the outside of the tonneau. He went through the luggage compartment. He turned the Madonna around several times. In the glove compartment he found a tortoiseshell mirror and a cigarette case with emerald initials. He opened the cigarette case and discovered that inside there were rubies worked into the design of a tuberose. The case was worth more than the car.

During the next week, Kalakobé spent a good deal of time in the chauffeurs' dressing room of the Splendide's garage, and he stood outside the hotel and watched the guests' cars arrive. Every day he came to me with new ideas for uniforms. He made designs with crayons until he got one that he liked, and he was unhappy when I told him that it would not do. He had created a pale-blue Cossack coat with mustard piping, a bright collar, and gold buttons. I told him that nobody wore such uniforms, but he could not understand why, if he himself bought the outfit, he could not wear it. Finally he consented to a plain gunmetal gabardine coat and breeches, a black cap, black shoes, and puttees. The Splendide's uniform tailor made it for him at cost. Kalakobé looked very well in it.

On the day the Hispano was ready to run again, Kalakobé suggested that we go driving. We formed a procession of two all the way to the garage. With everything on him neat, his puttees shined, Kalakobé walked in front of me, now and then looking back to see if I was still following. At the car he smiled, stripped a lapis-lazuli ring and a gold ring from his fingers, and slipped his hands into tight black gloves. He walked once around the car, opened and closed the doors, and looked at the tires. Then he polished the already gleaming windshield and the headlights, which were as big as snare drums. When I asked him to hurry up and get started, he found something else to do. At last he sat down on the running board and confessed that he didn't know how to drive. But, he explained, it was very chic for the chauffeur to sit in the back seat and the boss to drive. He had frequently seen that done.

That was practically what we did. Whenever we took the car out, I drove and Kalakobé sat in the front seat beside me. He opened and closed the doors, paid the fares on ferryboats and the toll on the bridges, lit my cigarettes, and let people stare at him while he waited with the car. He was happiest when we drove through Harlem.

—LUDWIG BEMELMANS



"He's an amused spectator of the passing show, Sergeant. That's all I can get out of him."

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Monty Banks will have a comedy role in Tyrone Power's "Blood and Sand." Slapstick star of the silents, Banks hasn't made a picture here since 1328.—*John Chapman in the News.*

Everybody is entitled to a comeback.

PROFILES

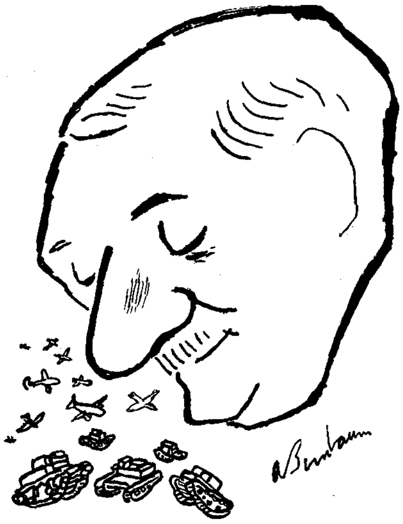
PRODUCTION MAN—III

ONCE the 1940 election was over, everyone, including President Roosevelt, William S. Knudsen, and the leader of the Loyal Opposition, agreed that the country's defence program had bogged down. In Washington, where blame for the delays was being tossed about indiscriminately, the chairmanless, seven-man Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defence, or NDAC, received a large share, and the rest was distributed among big business, labor, the Army, the Navy, and the President himself. Perhaps to clear the air, Knudsen, speaking as production commissioner for the NDAC, announced that the production of planes was thirty per cent below expectations. Soon afterward, the air still uncleared, Leon Henderson, another NDAC commissioner, broke the news that one of the worst bottlenecks had been spotted: a shortage of aluminum, the raw material most vital to the making of planes. Early that fall, when some worried New Deal economists had moaned about a coming shortage of aluminum, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., the NDAC commissioner for raw materials, had deprecated the idea, saying there would always be enough. Now, a few weeks later, he started to talk fretfully about the need to ration aluminum for non-defence use.

As aluminum grew scarcer, many airplane manufacturers were beginning to turn hopefully to magnesium, the modern substitute which the Germans use in their Messerschmitts. This metal, lighter and stronger than aluminum, was being called for in great quantities by both British and American manufacturers, and production was woefully small. The government charged that American magnesium production, which could have been almost unlimited, had long been and was still being restricted by agreement between the Aluminum Company of America and the I. G. Farbenindustrie, the German chemical cartel. The price of magnesium had also been kept about fifty per cent higher than aluminum, with which it might have competed. "The Nazis," Henderson said, "have already invaded America." There were other, lesser bottlenecks wherever the government cared to look, and the President sought ways to eliminate them. He strove also to provide for the all-over planning which the defence program so plainly lacked and which he had no time to take on himself.

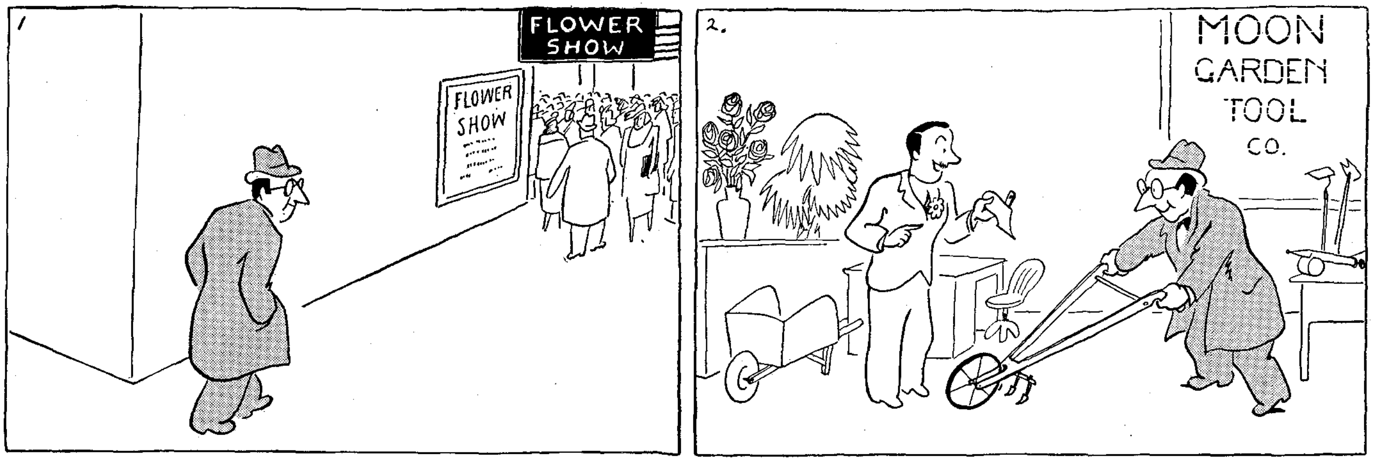
The solution most monotonously urged upon Roosevelt was reorganization of the Defence Commission with Knudsen in complete charge. The Scripps-Howard and Hearst newspapers, the *Daily News*, and Arthur Krock of the *Times* were among the persistent sponsors of one-man control, preferably with Knudsen the man. Knudsen kept quiet. His dollar-a-year assistants, however, were less reticent; two of his staff, John D. Biggers, the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass official, and Frederick Eaton, the Wall Street lawyer, helped direct an energetic word-of-mouth and press campaign to give the NDAC more power and make Knudsen its head. If business had to be regulated during the emergency that was coming, they felt, only a leader of business could do it. Some of the younger, more playful members of Knudsen's staff started their own campaign, and, when calling up their office from the outside, took to asking, "Is this the chairman's office?"

Roosevelt was also pushed to establish a three-man supreme defence council—Knudsen, in complete charge of the NDAC, and Secretaries Stimson and Knox. The newspapers, especially, liked this plan, and from time to time published rumors that it was about to go through or that the Army and Navy favored it. On December 18th, Secretary Stimson, almost as if giving Roosevelt a piece of oblique advice to make Knudsen chairman and be done with it, quoted in a press conference a message from George Washington to his Secretary of War that "wherever one person is found adequate to the discharge of a duty . . . it is worse executed by two persons, and scarcely done at all if three or more persons are employed therein." Two days later, Roosevelt, who could not have been paying very close attention to all this, announced his own plan for a supreme defence council to supplement the NDAC—the Office of Production Management, to be comprised of four men, all of equal rank: Knudsen, as Director General; Sidney Hillman, as Associate Director General; and Secretaries Stimson and Knox. Roosevelt's notion was that they would constitute, roughly, a microcosm of our democratic-capitalist society: Knudsen was management, Hillman was labor, and the Army and Navy were the consumer. The President was employing an old trick of his—putting opposites in the same room and letting them fight things out. He thought the members of the council, called the OPM for short, should work together like partners in a law office. Decisions were to be unanimous. Thus, although the labor representative was outweighed by three conservatives, he would have a veto power. In case of disagreement, the President would do the deciding. The defence program, the President said, was "too large for a single Pooh-Bah," but he intimated that he felt he had given considerable authority and power to the OPM. "After this," he said, "they won't have to come to me." That would be true only as long as they agreed among themselves.



William S. Knudsen

UNDER the new plan, Knudsen and Hillman were supposed to run the civilian end of the job together, while Stimson and Knox continued to run the War and Navy Departments. However, instead of writing one another memos or holding meetings on the telephone, they would all have to sit down and work out their problems together day by day. The position given Hillman was a noticeable shock to many of the dollar-a-year men in the NDAC. While Knudsen seemed undisturbed and raised no objection to splitting authority with Hillman, his assistants and friends in the NDAC grumbled. They thought the new council would be ineffectual and that Knudsen and Hillman would be trying to function, as one of them said, "like a pair of Siamese twins." They earnestly believed that the President was running the risk of slowing up the whole defence



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program by not entrusting it to Knudsen alone.

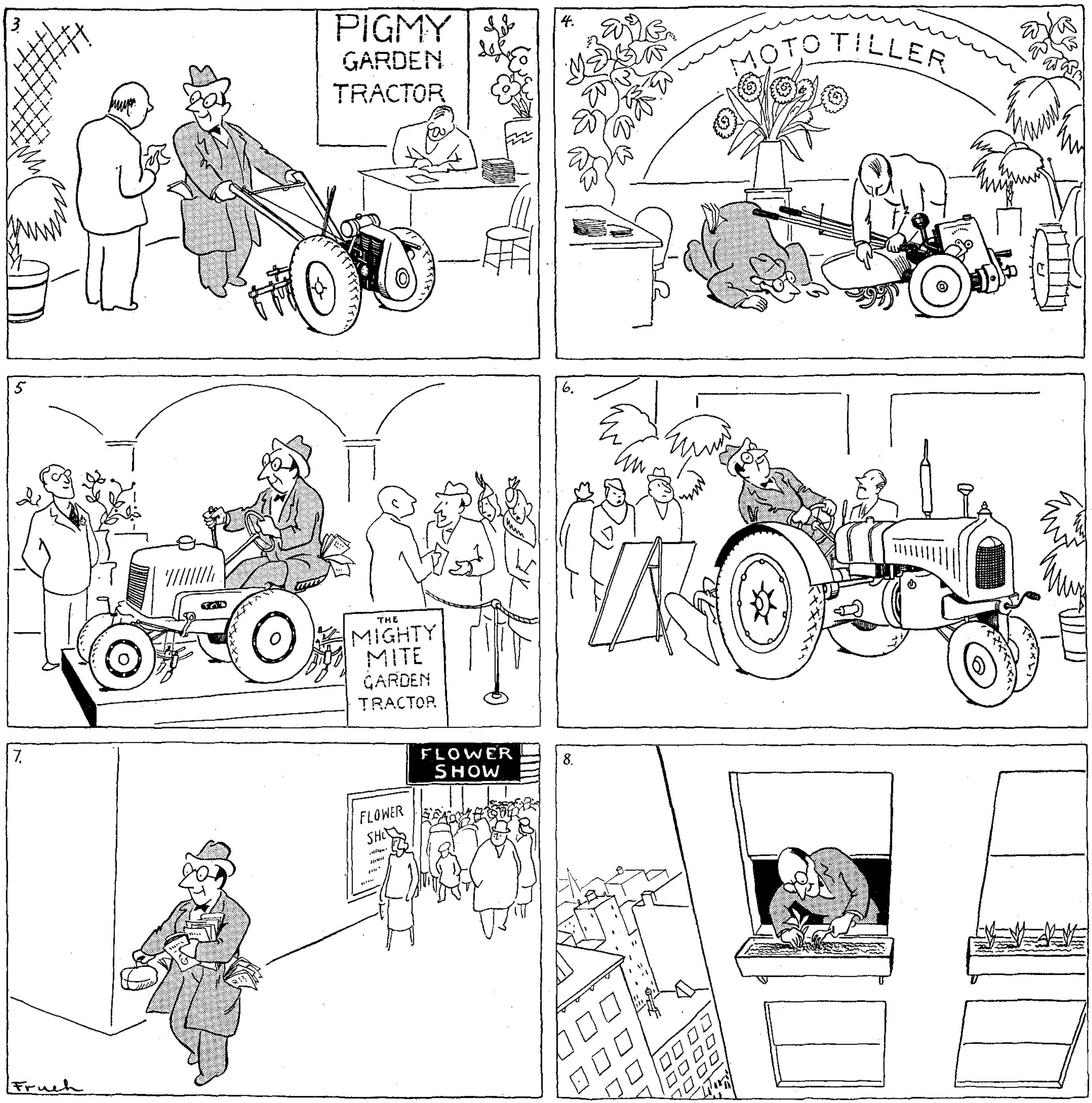
Happily, the President's plan for the OPM appeared to them vague enough to allow great leeway in interpretation. Budget Director Harold D. Smith and William McReynolds and Louis Brownlow, both Presidential aides, were assigned the task of drafting the executive order in legal form. Possibly, it was felt, if they drafted the order with care, the situation could be saved and the President could be brought around to the critics' point of view. Biggers and Eaton, Knudsen's enterprising assistants, got together with McReynolds, Smith, and Brownlow and for several days, late in December, the five worked on a tentative draft. According to this, Knudsen was to be in complete command of the defence program and Hillman was to be assigned a subordinate, purely advisory job. On December 30th, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* learned what Biggers, Eaton, McReynolds, Brownlow, and Smith were doing. His story of how the President's order was being interpreted was published the next day in his paper. Hillman was in Miami, down with flu, but Maxwell Brandwen, his law officer in the NDAC, saw the news story. He blew up and demanded to see the draft. After reading it over, he stirred up Attorney General Robert H. Jackson and Harry L. Hopkins, the President's intimate friend, and they in turn took the whole story to the White House. Roosevelt clarified his instructions to the men who were writing the order, and when it was issued, on January 7, 1941, Hillman was right up there with Knudsen, Stimson, and Knox.

ALTHOUGH the NDAC has not been abolished, it is now almost inactive and its main functions are performed by the OPM. The main difference between the NDAC and the OPM is that the NDAC can merely "explore" defence problems, whereas the OPM can actually work for "total defence," or even run a war. According to some analysts, it can impose on our business structure a system of priorities, commandeer or requisition materials, machines, and plants needed for national defence, order the expansion of plants and production facilities, control supplies of raw materials, and determine the location of defence plants. Occasionally the policies of civilian directors of the OPM may conflict with the policies of the War and Navy Departments, whose procurement facilities the OPM is obliged to utilize only "to the maximum extent compatible with efficiency." In such cases the President is the only arbiter.

Within the OPM three main subdivisions have been established: Production, Purchasing, and Priorities. Into these the personnel of the NDAC is gradually being absorbed. Knudsen's Deputy Commissioner, Biggers, has been advanced to the post of Director of the Production Division of the OPM; Stettinius has been made Director of Priorities, and Henderson has been assigned to his division; Donald M. Nelson has been named Director of the Division of Purchases. Nelson, who was added to the NDAC, as Coördinator of Purchases, only as an afterthought, has done more of the actual procurement work recently than anyone else among the civilian defence leaders. Accustomed, as a vice-president of Sears, Roebuck, to buying hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods of all sorts, he pitched in as soon as he arrived in Washington, worked with the Army and Navy procurement officers, and showed them how to get things cheap. Within the Production Division, a board to deal solely with the problems of aircraft production is being organized; it will eventually have a staff of about seventy-five experts, as against eight or nine in the NDAC.

Not long ago, Thomas W. Lamont, executive head of J. P. Morgan & Co., discussing the problems of running the defence program, said that though the task had been entrusted "to perhaps the best production specialist in the country," who had the assistance of a "statesmanlike" labor leader, he thought that it was not being well done and would not be well done until it was placed in the hands of a single civilian coördinator who was above all "prompt in decision." Knudsen's colleagues in the defence organization believe, for the most part, that he knows factory production as well as any man in the country. Some of them say, however, that he is a specialist and that like most specialists he doesn't know about other things or doesn't want to know about them. At one Defence Commission meeting, when Leon Henderson was in the middle of a long, involved sentence describing the economic consequences of some proposed measure, Knudsen burst out, "But what does all that *mean?*" On another occasion, when Henderson was emphasizing the human, political, and sociological aspects of some proposition, Knudsen commented, "But all that's just a question of technical efficiency."

Knudsen has tended to run the office routine and paperwork of his job in the same cavalier way he handled them at General Motors. Sometimes he writes out a plan in longhand on scrap paper, puts it in his pocket, and goes off somewhere to work on it alone, leaving his staff without any idea of what he is doing. There was an awkward instance of this last October, when the government was trying to get the motor companies interested in the aircraft pro-



gram. The airplane manufacturers insisted that nothing should be arranged without their approval. Knudsen, saying not a word to his office, suddenly went to Detroit and held a five-hour meeting with prominent automobile men. Then he told the local newspaper reporters that satisfactory plans for putting the industry into airplane manufacturing were at last crystallizing. This slightly optimistic news was published all over the country, though neither the publicity office of the defence board nor the other defence officials, who were trying to keep the airplane manufacturers calm, knew anything about it.

Many of the new arms-manufacturing plants ordered last year are now well on their way up, and the pace of purchasing is slackening somewhat, so the work of the OPM is becoming a little simpler. Its job is mainly, by exercising priorities control, to eliminate bottlenecks as they develop and to see that the plans for industrial expansion are carried out in an orderly way. What planning is now being done is still initiated by the War and Navy Departments; although Knudsen has the power to launch schemes on his own, it is against his inclination to do so. He has been chiefly valuable, his colleagues feel, as a technical consultant on plans projected by others. From the beginning, Knudsen has appeared timid about overstepping his authority. "I don't want to swing a club over anybody," he said characteristically, when asked recently by a congressional committee if he wished greater control imposed on labor and industry. He has never tried to lead the way or to assume new powers, as other men might have done, and he has certainly done very little blunt pushing or bullying of the manufacturers whose defence efforts he is supposed to coördinate.

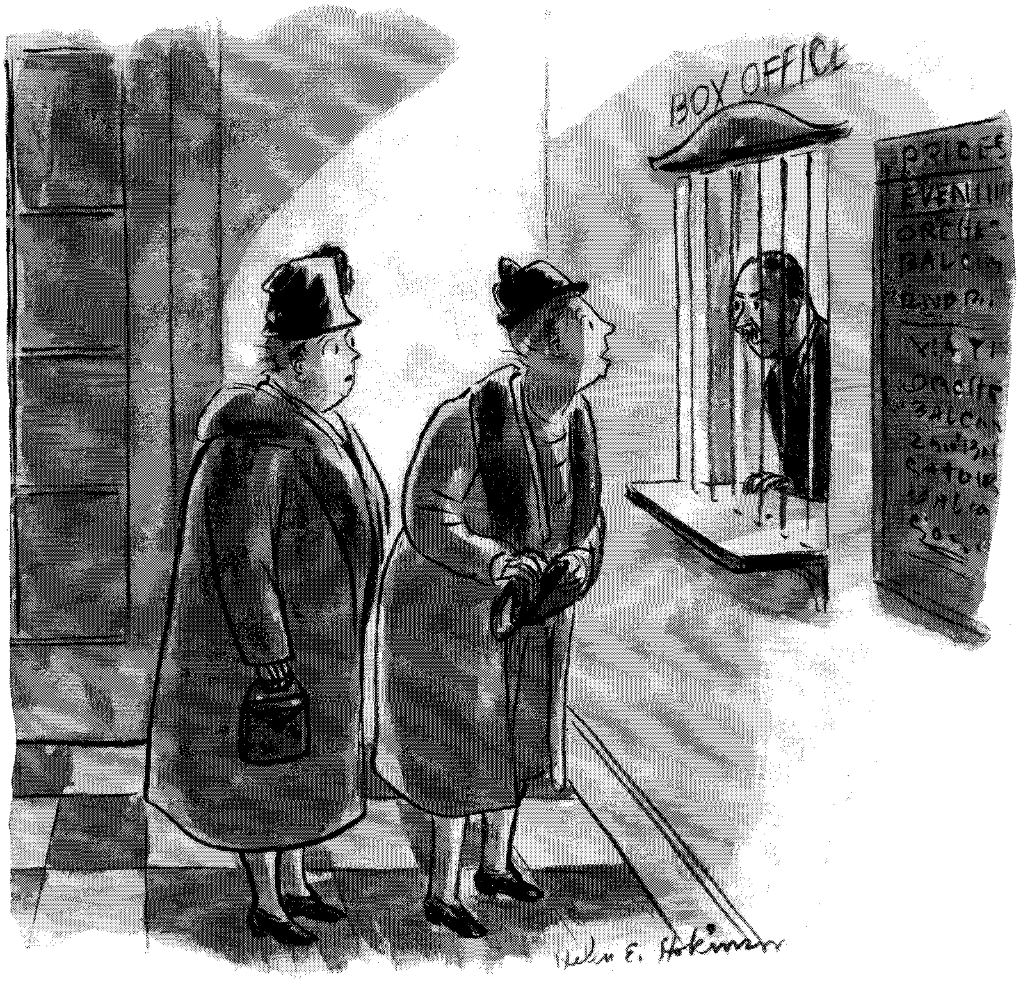
AROUND the first of February, the OPM moved out of the Federal Reserve Building and into the huge new modernist five-story Social Security Building. The clerical force and subordinate dollar-a-year men occupy part of the ground floor and most of the third, fourth, and fifth floors. The Army Ordnance has moved into the same building; it has offices on all floors. The offices of Knudsen and Hillman are on the fifth floor. Between them is a reception room and a large board room. Adjoining are the offices of Biggers, Nelson, and Stettinius.

Knudsen's private office is about thirty feet by twenty, very light and rather bare—much like the one he had at General Motors. The walls are a dull white and have no pictures; Knudsen thinks pictures are frilly. The only bright color is the deep red of the carpet. At his large, square walnut desk, Knudsen sits in a high-backed, leather-covered swivel chair. At his side is a small table holding three telephones, one of them connected with the White House. On the same table is a box of cigars; Knudsen also keeps a carton of Luckies in the top right-hand drawer of his desk. Across the room are a brown leather sofa, three comfortable leather-covered chairs, and a walnut conference table with six chairs. Here Knudsen conducts small, impromptu meetings. One of the few personal touches—an old wooden scrub bucket filled with several quart bottles of Poland water packed in ice—is concealed in a small washroom at the back of his office. Knudsen had the bucket in his Detroit office and brought it to Washington for good luck. Another personal touch is a china figurine, about six inches high, of a great Dane, placed on one of the window sills. Knudsen is sometimes called the Great Dane by his colleagues. The dog was given to him by a member of his staff. Recently a small girl in Texas wrote him for his autograph, saying she had those of America's two other famous Danes, Lauritz Melchior and Jean Hersholt, and wanted to complete her collection. Knudsen was delighted to join the company of Melchior and Hersholt, both of whom are friends of his.

In Washington, Knudsen has lived alone. He misses his Detroit home and his family. Some Saturdays he flies there for the weekend in an Army plane, and he often has long talks with his wife on the phone. After he saw that his job might take years instead of months, he rented a small house in the Rock Creek Park section of Washington. His only servant is a Filipino boy, whom he calls Primus. When he has company, another Filipino comes in to help out. Knudsen calls him Secundus.

Knudsen arrives at his office every morning at eight-thirty and leaves between six and seven. Once work is ended, he becomes intensely social. He is not infrequently seen in the cocktail lounges and dining rooms of the Mayflower, the Carlton, and the Shoreham. Sometimes, when one of his daughters is in town, he takes her dancing. At the President's Birthday Ball in January, Knudsen danced with Deanna Durbin and, as a result, turned up in *Life* as a picture of the week. He carries himself lightly for a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound man of sixty-one and can dance for hours without puffing. These days he dresses with elaborate care, wearing snugly fitted striped suits and five-dollar flowered neckties. Last month the Merchant Tailors and Designers Association of America named him one of the country's twenty best-dressed men, and he was pleased, though he thought perhaps they were exaggerating.

Knudsen seems to have no real pals in Washington, either in the government or on his staff. His favorite official is probably Jesse Jones, the Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the R.F.C. Jones is an old friend of the Fisher brothers of General Motors, and summers he used to sail with them on their yacht on Great Lakes cruises. Through the Fishers, he met Knudsen years ago. Now Knudsen, on his nights out, frequently joins what is known as the Jesse Jones gang, an aggressively stag circle of corporation lawyers, lobbyists, Texas congressmen, and convivial businessmen looking for government loans. Knudsen often plays poker with them. Ordinarily he loses, which he does cheerfully, and usually he drinks a few glasses of beer or sherry. Up to the time Knudsen came to Washington, he had never had much to do with anyone except automobile people. At first he was somewhat suspicious of the garrulous, extrovert intellectuals who have come into politics under the New Deal. One day Leon Henderson



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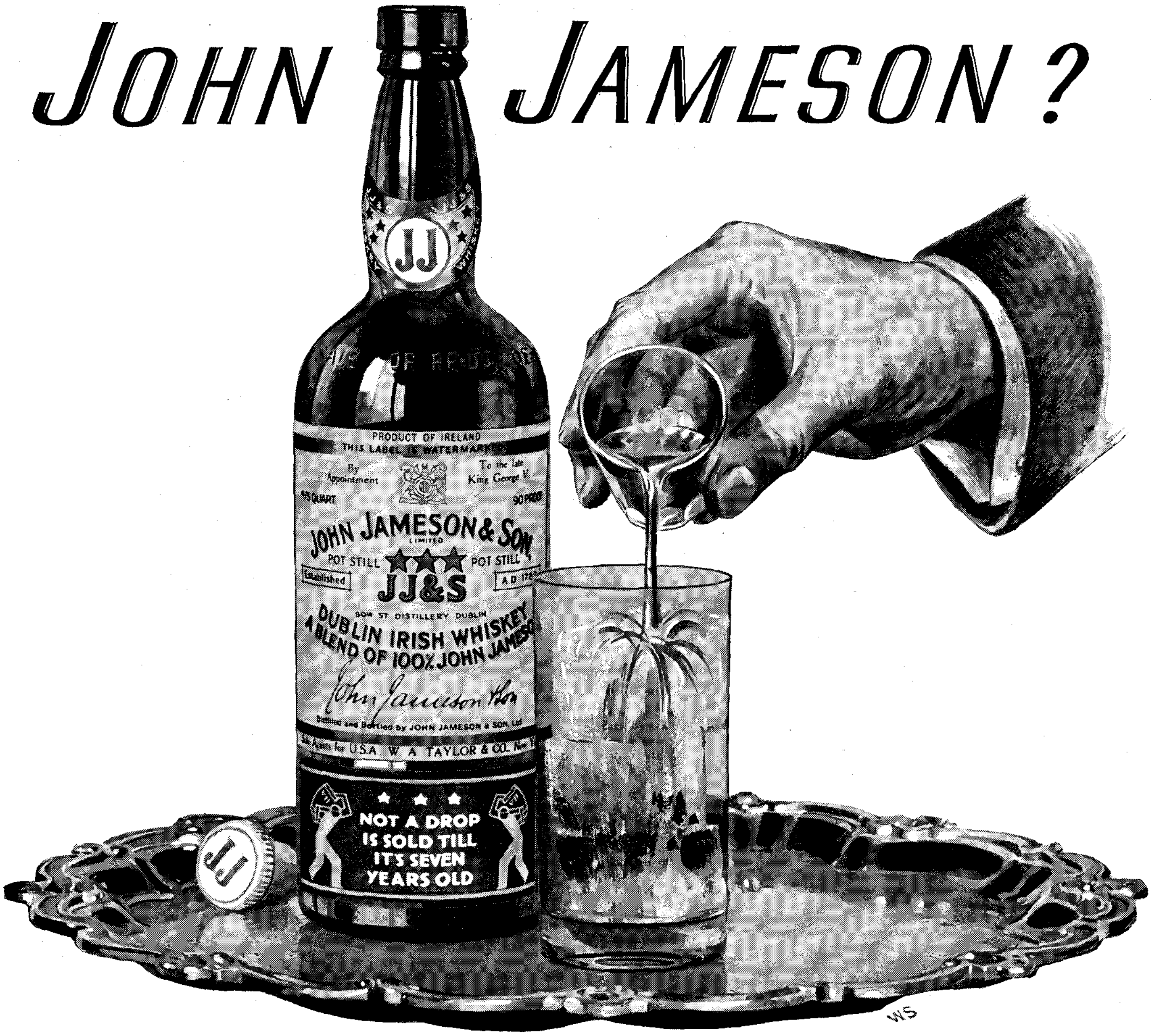
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found him wandering lonesomely around the Federal Reserve Building and took him home for lunch. Knudsen relaxed and indicated some surprise at finding that a New Dealer could be so human. He has nevertheless kept his distance from New Dealers, on the whole.

In official Washington, and especially in his relations with the President, Knudsen's status has been about that of a Cabinet officer. Roosevelt has treated him genially but not with the intimacy he accords his small circle of first-string advisers, which does not include several of his Cabinet officers. Knudsen speaks of the President simply and respectfully as "the boss." The boss in turn admires Knudsen's special abilities and his picturesqueness. He telephones and consults with him a good deal even apart from the regular, formal conferences. Last year, at the weekly Defence Commission meetings in the White House, Roosevelt enjoyed riding Knudsen. Big things had been expected from General Motors' Allison liquid-cooled aircraft engine, in the production of which Knudsen had been interested for several years. Up to last fall, the output was small. Roosevelt started each meeting by reminding Knudsen of his bottleneck. "Well, Bill," he would say, "I suppose you'll be reaching the schedule you promised on the Allison engine—that is, not today but next week, or perhaps next month." Knudsen, flustered, could never think of anything to say. Finally, at one meeting, before Roosevelt had a chance to start talking, Knudsen happily sprang the news that production of Allison engines had reached three hundred and fifty a month.

LATELY the tendency in administration circles has been to take a gloomier tone on defence than was taken before the election, and gloomier than the facts warrant. Even Knudsen's reports have been overpessimistic. For example, aviation authorities, who in technical journals last year were recording the sad, cold facts about aircraft production when everyone else was optimistic, are now, when everyone else is blue, forecasting a dramatically sharp rise in the rate of production late this spring. Military authorities, while admitting there have been many difficulties, estimate that the United States is already farther ahead in its preparations than it was six months after war was declared in 1917. Moreover, the Roosevelt defence organization has had a number of handicaps which the 1918 War Industries Board, under Bernard M. Baruch, did not have. Then the makers of armaments, who

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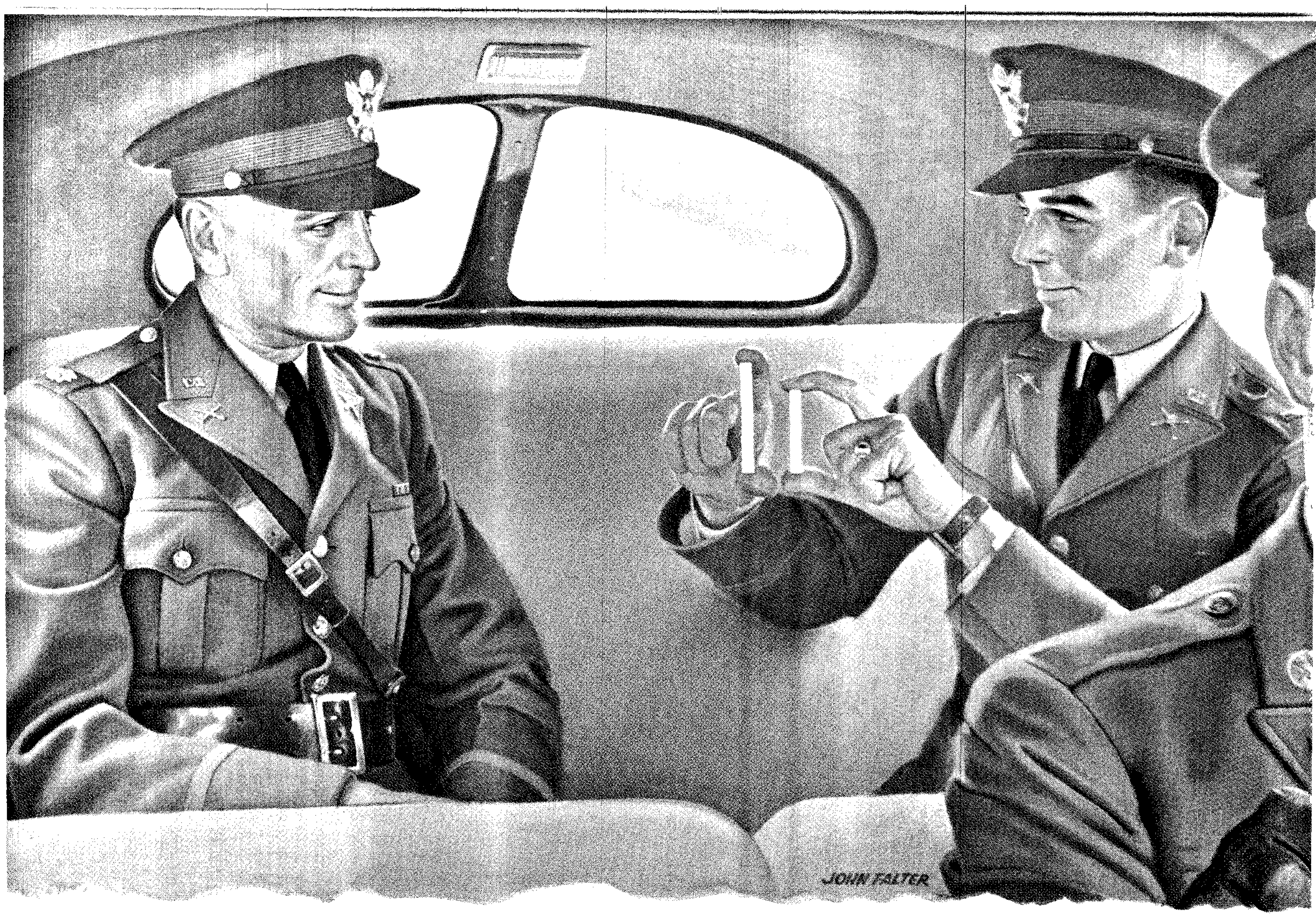
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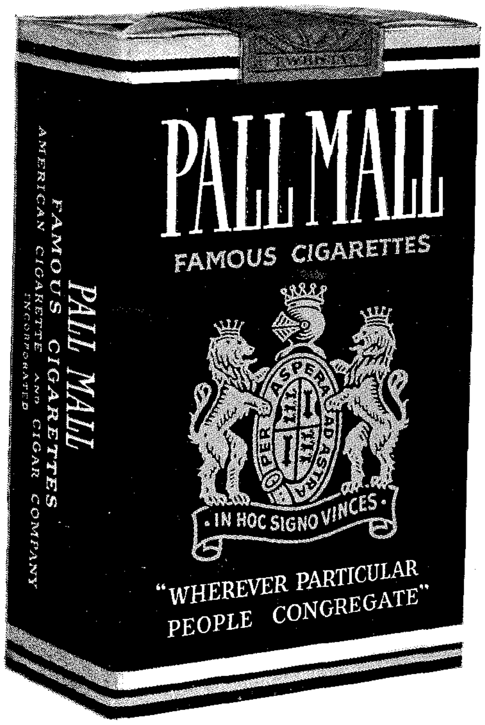
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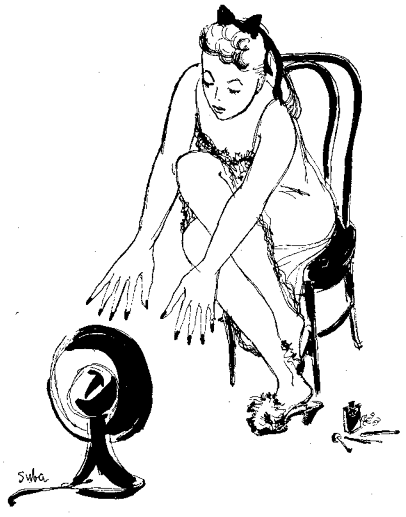
could more or less set their own prices, were not reluctant to accept contracts; also, they were confident that they would be permitted to make a fat profit and to keep what they made. The OPM has had to overcome a certain amount of business resistance. The War Industries Board also made a few bungles which surpassed anything that has happened under the present management. During the nineteen months we were in the war, exactly one American airplane reached France, though a billion dollars was spent on planes; hundreds of thousands of rifle breeches were manufactured and afterward scrapped when found to be the wrong size for the rifles. The old board's mistakes are being studied now by the defence officials, who get some comfort from looking through the procurement records of those days. There is a theory that President Wilson was so high-minded he took it for granted that other people would be less high-minded, so he cynically paid little attention to the practical side of the war industries. Roosevelt has shown a more earthy curiosity; he has kept an eye on the work in hand and has steered the government clear of the notorious cost-plus system of the last war, under which contractors profited by every dollar they wasted. Prices of war commodities have been in general regulated, so that the inflationary boom of 1917-19 will not, it is hoped, be repeated. The inflationary tendency of the period gave the earlier war program a more frenzied but not a more efficient or scrupulous character.

One of Roosevelt's recent moves has been to smooth out the internal conflicts in the OPM between New Deal and dollar-a-year factions. To the high post of first law officer, or General Counsel, for the OPM, he has named neither Frederick Eaton nor Thomas Corcoran, who were frequently mentioned as candidates, but John Lord



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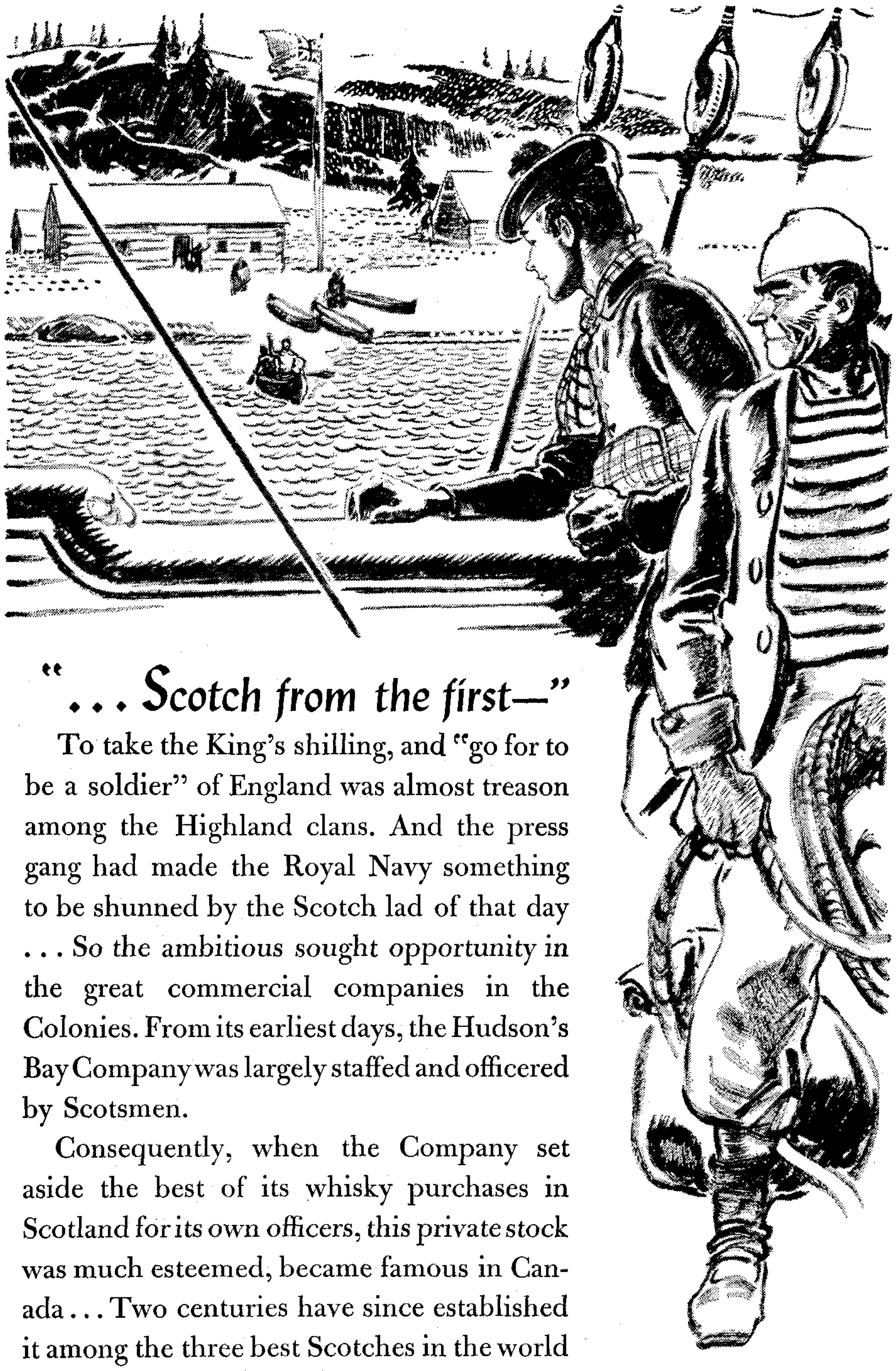

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To take the King's shilling, and "go for to be a soldier" of England was almost treason among the Highland clans. And the press gang had made the Royal Navy something to be shunned by the Scotch lad of that day ... So the ambitious sought opportunity in the great commercial companies in the Colonies. From its earliest days, the Hudson's Bay Company was largely staffed and officered by Scotsmen.

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O'Brian, a distinguished, independent-Republican lawyer from Buffalo. The new general secretaryship of the OPM, a job which might turn out to be the nerve centre of the defence organization, has been given to Herbert Emmerich of Chicago, a non-partisan business-management consultant with a reputation for technical and administrative skill.

The chief question that now bothers many people is whether Knudsen and Hillman will be able to work as a team. When Knudsen was testifying on the lease-lend bill before a congressional committee several weeks ago, Representative Hamilton Fish asked him who was really the head of the OPM. He said that he was. "Then you're the head and not Mr. Hillman?" asked Fish. "Well, he's my co-director," Knudsen said. Another congressman sarcastically asked him, "Have you ever worked in an organization with two heads to it before?" "Well," replied Knudsen, referring to his old job as president of General Motors alongside the powerful Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., "there was a chairman where I worked."

The struggle between rival groups goes on under the OPM as it did under the NDAC, but it is on a smaller scale. Hillman's power seems to consist of the right to protest things he doesn't like to Roosevelt. Almost every time he has exercised it, he has been rebuked in the press for delaying the program, and he uses his power sparingly. The President has spoken of Hillman as a "good, middle-of-the-road labor leader." In Hillman's public career of nearly thirty years at the head of a large union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America (now C.I.O.), he has become known as an efficient, humane, realistic administrator. Like Knudsen, he was an immigrant; he arrived here from Russia in 1907 and started in as a pants-presser. He is so short that Knudsen has to bend down to talk to him. Unlike the composed, placid Dane, Hillman is nervous and animated and always brimming over with ideas. The two men, oddly, understand each other, and clash much less than their devoted assistants do.

Hillman has settled most defence-industry strikes quickly; in boom times, strikes are a common phenomenon, and before long his mediation work may become as vital as Bevin's in England. He has tried to "freeze" for the duration the feud between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. Although Hillman, who supported Roosevelt in the last campaign, has broken off intra-C.I.O. relations with John L. Lewis, he has, as a defence commissioner, tried to conciliate rather than fight the Lewis Left Wing faction in the C.I.O. Meanwhile, he has managed to establish friendly relations with the A.F.L. In addition, he has tried to push production by fostering what England calls the "bits-and-pieces" program, a scheme for getting large contractors to farm out orders to small sub-contractors. He has also vigorously supported the Reuther plan to make five hundred airplanes a day. Walter Reuther, vice-president of the United Automobile Workers and a skilled tool-and-die mechanic, who used to work under Knudsen at Chevrolet, claims that a large part of the motor companies' plant and labor facilities, now idle in slack times, could be utilized to turn out planes if the production of cars were made less seasonal. The automobile manufacturers, backed up by Knudsen, have argued that only ten per cent of their tools are suitable for such work. Roosevelt has taken an interest in the plan, but, six months after its proposal, it is still in the discussion stage.

As if to make a final answer to the many criticisms of the OPM's planning and administrative weaknesses, the White House, on February 20th, announced the appointment of a Production Planning Board, to be set up as a sub-board within the OPM. It is made up of nine members, among them Harry L. Hopkins, who recently returned from a Presidential mission to England. The chairman is Samuel R. Fuller, president of the North American Rayon Corporation, who did considerable work for the War Industries Board in 1918. The Production Planning Board is studying the experience of this country in the first World War and the problems England has been meeting lately, and will recommend industrial planning not only for the emergency but for the post-emergency period. In the midst of the present economic-military upheaval in America, the board will attempt to create out of the vast organizing effort now devoted to defence a design for a new national program which, after the emergency is over, will make the readjustment to peacetime conditions easier and prevent the customary aftermath of widespread unemployment and economic depression.

To some people in Washington, the appointment of yet another board was a disheartening sign that Roosevelt was still only feeling his way. Others believed that the new board would help, by its recommendations, to overhaul the whole

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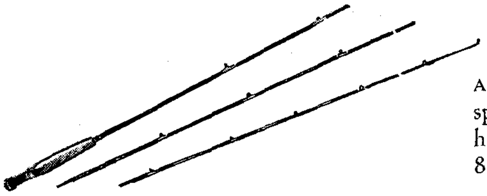

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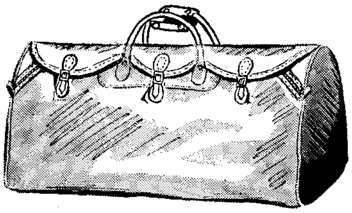

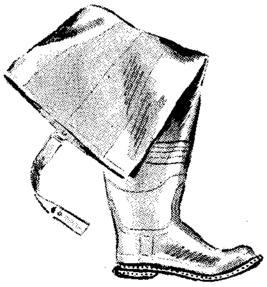

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defence organization. One of the recommendations expected is that the President establish a supreme "defence ministry" outside and above the OPM. It would be, at last, the genuine, all-over planning agency that Washington has been waiting for. The ministry would be responsible for planning and for telling the OPM what to produce, and the OPM would be responsible for production alone. This, it is reported, has already begun to function informally and quietly, and consists of Hull, Morgenthau, Stimson, Knox, Budget Director Harold D. Smith, and Hopkins, with one or two other members of the new Production Planning Board occasionally sitting in. When Knudsen, a few weeks ago, was asked by Washington reporters what part of the defence program he wanted to handle, after all the boards and commissions and sub-commissions settled down, he answered simply, "I want to be allowed to produce the goods while other people do other jobs." He appeared content to remain, whatever happened, the production man.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the last of three articles on Mr. Knudsen.*)

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As an example of what our employees are called upon to cope with, there arrived one Saturday morning a nine hundred pound Bison, which was sent by a member and which he hoped could be served in the form of steaks at a private dinner party. It was a comparatively easy matter to slide this huge animal down the chute at the service entrance on 45th Street. However, it then developed that the Club did not have sufficiently large refrigerators in which to hang the Bison, nor are we equipped with the proper instruments to perform the necessary operation on the carcass. One of our purveyors of meat sent up his truck and during the lunch hour a huge crowd gathered at the 45th Street side to watch a large army of our employees push and pull the Bison out of the Club and on to the truck. At this point, the Committee wishes to express its appreciation of the services of all the employees of the Club during the year 1940.—*From the annual report of the board of managers of the Harvard Club of New York.*

You couldn't have picked a better point, gentlemen.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Herald & Express*]

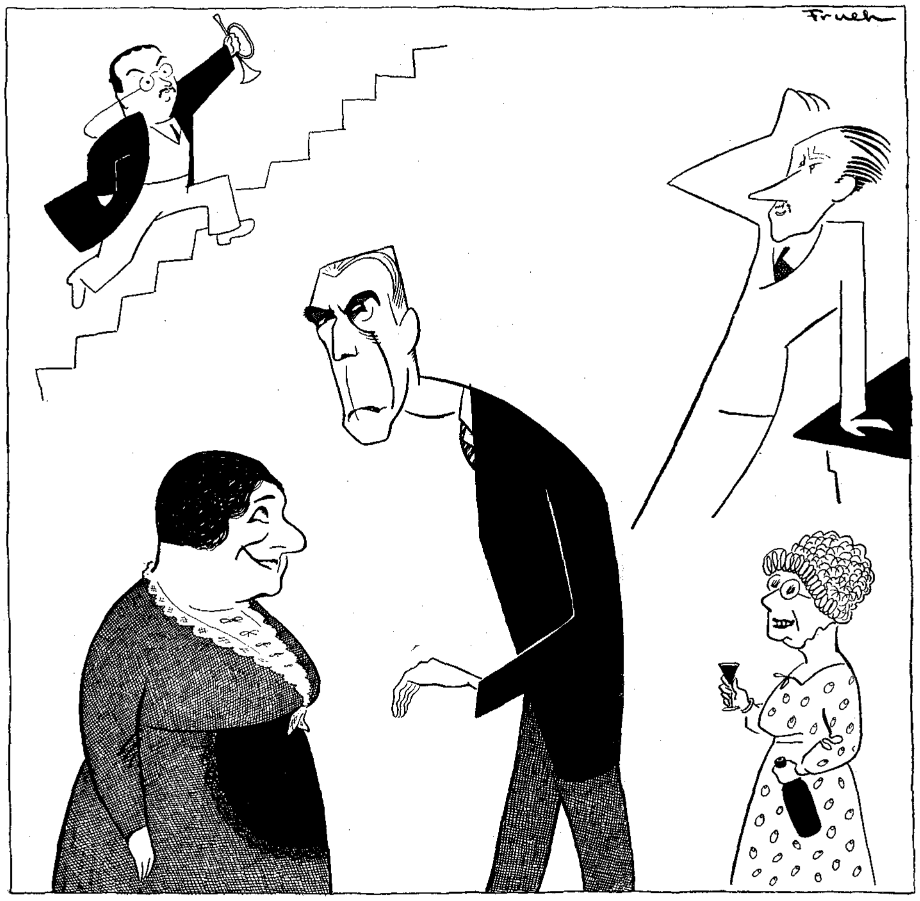
"When folk can learn to play athletics together they get along together, whether it be in the home or among nationalities. The success of the Olympic Games is an outstanding example of the latter," Dr. La Porte said.

THE THEATRE

SHAW'S SAWBONES

IN 1906, Mr. Bernard Shaw was fifty years old and so full of juice that there was practically no pleasing him about anything. He was especially exasperated by medicine. "It is not the fault of our doctors that the medical service of the community, as at present provided for, is a murderous absurdity," he wrote briskly. "That any sane nation, having observed that you could provide for the supply of bread by giving bakers a pecuniary interest in baking for you, should go on to give a surgeon a pecuniary interest in cutting off your leg, is enough to make one despair of political humanity." This essay, the preface to his play called "The Doctor's Dilemma," went on to damn vivisection, vaccination, bacteriology, anaesthesia, asepsis, and foxhunting. The only hope for the world, it said in brief, lies in socialized medicine and plenty of green vegetables.

The play itself was a ferocious discussion of all these notions, but, presumably for the benefit of non-vegetarians, a moral dilemma was also tacked on. Supposing that medicine could cure anybody, a highly dubious proposition, Mr. Shaw asked himself whether it was better to save a talented bum or a virtuous bore. All this stuff must have provided quite an evening in the theatre thirty-five years ago, and even today, when the furor about vivisection has perceptibly abated and there is even some question about whether anything can save anybody, it still has a jaunty and almost a topical air. The celebrated beard, after all, has always been quite a playwright, though powerfully given to talking nonsense.



"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

The two nice old ladies here (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) are amused because their brother (Boris Karloff) has killed only twelve men while they have planted thirteen. The man running upstairs (John Alexander) thinks he is Teddy Roosevelt, and the wispy type across the way (Allyn Joslyn) is a dramatic critic. The whole sinister crew is visible at the Fulton.

I can't remember what I was up to during the winter of 1927, but anyway I didn't get around to seeing the Lunts in their version of "The Doctor's Dilemma," so there is no way I can compare it with the Cornell-Massey study now at the Shubert. It is hard, however, to believe that it can have been any better. Miss Cornell, of course, is a stately, intelligent, and discriminating actress-manager, and any project in which she is involved is almost certain to demonstrate these qualities. This means that "The Doctor's Dilemma" is scrupulously cast (Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, Ralph Forbes, and Colin Keith-Johnston), handsomely set and costumed (Donald Oenslager and Motley), and ingeniously directed by Guthrie McClintic, who somehow manages to minimize the tendency of Mr. Shaw's medical men to coagulate upon the stage, like a bunch of red corpuscles.

Of all the performances, I was a little doubtful only about the one given by Raymond Massey, who occasionally seemed to add a slight personal stiffness and uncertainty to the understandable embarrassment of a physician who, admiring a shapely matron, is suddenly given a chance to exterminate her husband, with no foolish questions asked. All the rest were fine in their resonant British way, especially Mr. Fletcher, whose dying profession of the artist's faith ("I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color," and so on, in balanced majesty) must be every actor's dream of how to go to heaven.

One very small excision in the current text, by the way, interested me mildly. Somewhere in the second act, one of the doctors is talking about financial ethics: "You see when an Englishman borrows, all he knows or cares is that he wants money; *and he'll sign anything to get it, without in the least understanding it, or intending to carry out the agreement if it turns out badly for him. In fact he thinks you a cad if you ask him to carry it out under such circumstances. Just like the Merchant of Venice, you know.*" The portions of this speech in my italics don't seem to appear in Miss Cornell's script, for one reason or another.

THE idea of burlesquing the behavior of William Saroyan is rather like writing a parody of a parody, and I don't believe it is a very sound project. At least it didn't turn out to be in the play called "Five Alarm Waltz," by Lucille S. Prumbs (there was some excitement, incidentally, about the actual identity of this Prumbs, but it appears to have subsided). This item, no longer visible at the Playhouse, investigated the consequences of a marriage between a grandiloquent Bulgarian hoodlum and the fashionable authoress of a lot of plays that sounded to me as if they might be sequels to "Claudia." Miss Prumbs, who seems to have a rich but undisciplined imagination, filled her stage with an assortment of characters ranging from ten-goal polo players to little Chinese boys, but in spite of quite a lot of really funny lines, nothing much came of it except noise and confusion. On the whole I'm afraid that any vision of how Mr. Saroyan might talk and behave, if he were even more uninhibited than he is, is too much of an excursion into the supernatural both for Miss Prumbs' talent and any audience's credulity. Elia Kazan, though a nice, tough character actor, never seemed exactly the type to appeal to a lady of delicate and literary sensibilities, especially when he got to scampering around in his underpants. Louise Platt, Ann Thomas, Howard Freeman, and Roman Bohnen all appeared to find him fascinating, however, and it may be that I am prejudiced.

"THEY WALK ALONE," at the Golden, deals with the predicament of a rural English family afflicted with a batty cook, and offers us the spectacle of Elsa Lanchester making faces for more than two hours. She looks perfectly horrible, but the young men in the neighborhood aren't hypercritical and keep chasing her out on the moors, where she promptly chops them up, serving them right, I guess, for having such low aesthetic standards. Carol Goodner, John Moore, and A. P. Kaye are among those entrusted with the task of not appearing to notice anything unusual about Miss Lanchester, even when she jumps up and down and chatters like a monkey. It is too much to ask of flesh and blood.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BENZOIN FOR THE TURBINATES

WHEN, after the customary period of discomfort, I got over my last cold of the winter of 1939-40, I made up my mind to start the winter of 1940-41 by taking my first cold of the new season to an up-to-date hospital and asking the medical profession to handle it. I wanted to find out just what science could do for a cold. I talked my plan over with a friend of mine, a nose-and-ear specialist, and he said that, medically, the experience probably would not be worth the money it would cost me, but I told him I would make provisions for the extravagance during the summer. In that case, he said, all I would have to do would be to telephone him when the first cold of the winter came along and he would have me admitted to his favorite hospital, a luxurious establishment on the East River. Then, he said, he would call in a general practitioner he knew of who made a hobby of keeping up with the latest news in the field of medicine known as "respiratory infections."

"But I thought a cold would be right up the alley of a nose man," I said.

"Oh no," said my friend. "I fool with the mucous membrane inside the head—the back of the nose, the sinuses, and the little canals that run into the ears. I confine myself to about a foot and a half of mucous membrane, all told, and as it is, I am frequently baffled. I don't even like much to go down as far as the throat if I can help it. When something like a common cold, an acute infection or inflammation of that kind, breaks out in my territory, I prefer to lay off until things begin to clear up again and I can see what I'm doing. If you came in my office with a bang-up common cold, I might give you some stuff to take, swab you out, and tell you to stay in bed until you got over it, but I wouldn't really work on your nose until the cold had gone. A cold affects the whole body. When you begin to get over this cold you expect to catch next winter, I'll have a look at you after I admit you to the hospital, and later on, if you want to do it up brown, I'll see to the nasal mucous membrane and the sinuses. But the general man will really do most of the work on you."

ON the evening of February 25th, I sneezed a few times, and woke up the next morning with a cold. I took my temperature, found that it was almost two degrees above normal, and called my friend the nose-and-ear man. An hour later I was in the hospital, and in bed. The general practitioner turned up almost immediately. My friend had told him of my peculiar case and he seemed interested. He said he would not have to go to any great trouble to take care of me because he had a number of other patients in the same hospital and made a point of calling there at least once a day. He was middle-aged, with an intelligent face, apparently the kind of doctor who doesn't go in much for hocus-pocus. I asked him to give me the works, and told him I would probably put a good many questions to him and perhaps ask him to bring me one of the latest medical reports on the progress of the profession's fight against the common cold. "It's a fascinating subject," he said. "I'll bring you some stuff to read later on if you like." Then, pulling up my pajama shirt, he began to thump my chest.

"I've always wondered just what that thumping is for," I said.

He laughed. "As a matter of fact," he said, "it's sort of a reflex action with a doctor. Of course, if you had pneumonia, I could probably tell by this thumping that the lungs were badly congested, but, between us, it doesn't really mean a great deal." He looked at my throat, made me say ah, and felt my pulse. A floor nurse came in, punctured my middle finger, and went off with some of my blood.

I looked at the doctor inquiringly.

"Doing all this and explaining as I go along makes the whole thing seem pretty silly," he said. "It has some sense to it, but I hate to admit how much. I look in your throat just to see if you have anything remarkable in there, like diphtheria spots or something that looks like a streptococcus infection. We'll take a blood count from that blood, and if you have pneumonia, your blood count will be high. It is caused by a specific germ that has been identified. With a common cold, the blood count will be normal.

"You know, a common cold would be extremely difficult to diagnose in a strictly scientific manner," he went on reflectively. "The symptoms of the common cold are the same, at the outset, as measles and a number of other diseases. The doctor usually takes the patient's diagnosis and, providing he finds no obvious complications, proceeds on the theory

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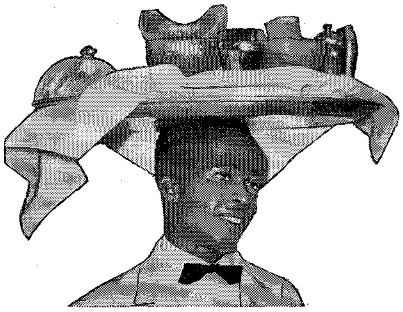

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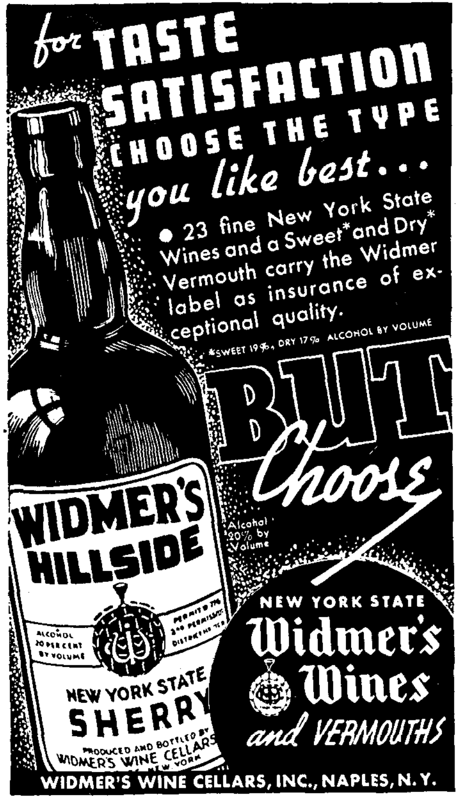

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that what he is treating is a cold. You say you have a cold. Well, you've had them before, and you ought to know what a cold feels like. I take your word for it. But if you were deaf and dumb and couldn't communicate with me in any way at all and came to see me with these same symptoms, I don't mind saying I might have one hell of a time figuring out what was the matter with you. Running nose and a little fever, I would say to myself, but I wouldn't be able to find out how you *felt* and I wouldn't know for sure whether it was just a cold or God knows what. I'd have to wait and see."

I was feeling fairly good, although I could tell by the way my nose was and by the chills running up and down my back that, unless this was measles or something else, it was what a layman would refer to as "a cold that feels grippy" or "a hell of a bad cold" when he calls his office to say he won't be in. It seemed to be the sort of cold I would ordinarily have stayed home with two days, going out still coughing and recovering entirely about a week after that. I asked the doctor to tell me what the treatment was to be, so that I could understand it as we went along.

"You'll be given lots of liquids, in the first place," he said. "Orange juice, lemon juice, water, and so on. Then you'll have some special capsules, some nose drops, an occasional gargle, and the room will be kept warm. You won't feel much like smoking and it would probably be better if you didn't, but we're not absolutely sure it makes any difference, so you can smoke if you want to. We'll have you out of here in three or four days."

THE nurse came in with a tall, three-legged table and a large glass vessel with a long glass neck, like a chemist's retort. She set it up in a corner and went out again, an intent expression on her face. It looked to me as if this meant business, and I asked the doctor what it was. "It's just an inhalator," he said. "It has plain water inside, with a little benzoin. She'll put an electric burner under it now and it will boil and the steam will add humidity to the room."

"What will the benzoin do?"

"As a matter of fact," he said, grinning, "the effect of the benzoin is largely psychological. It smells medical. But there is a chance that the fumes will help soothe your nose and throat."

"What's in the capsules, then?"

"They'll make you drowsy and help you to relax and give your system a better chance to fight off the cold. There's codeine in them, which is a narcotic that seems to have some specific quality in breaking up colds. Not always, mind you, but often enough to be fairly impressive. Then there's phenacetin, a coal-tar preparation which helps diminish whatever pain you may be having—aching, general discomfort, and so forth. It also helps to keep the temperature down. And a little caffeine to counteract the heart-depressant effects of the codeine and the phenacetin."

I asked him to write down these terms for me, and he did.

"Won't there be any other treatment besides what you've described?" I asked.

"Nope," he said. "That's about the works. Of course, I could give you a few other fancy things of extremely doubtful value, but for combatting this cold—the ordinary, acute, grippy infection of the upper respiratory tract—what you're going to get is the works."

My friend the nose-and-ear man came in, took one look at my nose, and said he wouldn't touch it now with a ten-foot pole. "I'll leave you some nose drops," he said. "The doctor here and myself both use the same kind. About the day after tomorrow, I may be able to get in there and see if there's anything for me to do."

I asked what the nose drops did.

"They shrink the mucous membrane so as to keep your nose as far open as possible," he said.

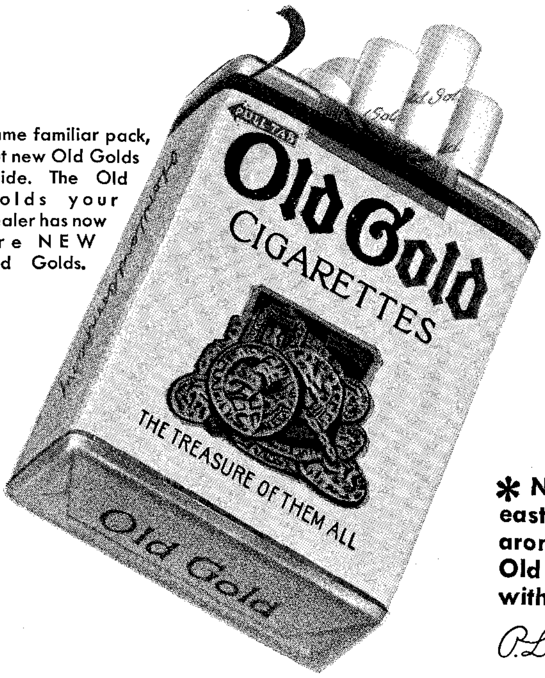
The nurse, having started the inhalator, brought me two of the capsules and a large glass of orange juice. I took the capsules and drank the orange juice. My two doctors and I chatted for a while, and I asked them if many people went into hospitals with common colds like mine.

"More than you might think," the general man said. "A good many old people, naturally, who are rightly afraid of developing pneumonia. Quite a few mild hypochondriacs who aren't so much afraid of disease, really, as they are crazy about hospitals. They come in here, get very elated, call up all their friends, and make big plans for the future. They find it a stimulating escape. There's a banker who comes here every time he catches cold and has himself a hell of a fine time. Then a good many ordinary men and women with money to spare have reached the conclusion that it's a good idea to give in to a cold and let us handle it, at the same time getting themselves a nice rest."

I hinted that I had expected the handling of a cold by two doctors in a first-class hospital to be a good deal more aggressive than it appeared to be so far.

"Don't excite yourself now," the nose

Something NEW* has been added!



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man said. "I told you it wouldn't be worth the money."

The nurse brought another half-pint of orange juice and left it on the bedside table.

"As I see it," I said to my doctors, "no sledge-hammer blows are being struck by science in the battle against the common cold. I could do all this at home, except for the benzoin."

"Sure," said the general man. "This is the luxurious way, that's all. But, as a matter of fact, I'll bet you'll be more cured when you leave here than you are ordinarily when you treat yourself at home. At home, even with a wife or a maid to look after you, you probably keep getting up and putting on a bathrobe and going out to the living room to get a book or something, you worry about when you're going to get back to work, and you forget to take all the capsules and liquids and nose drops at the right time, or you say nuts to them if you do remember, and consequently you don't get over your cold as quickly or as completely as you'll get over it here."

"Whereas here," said the nose man, "there's no use in worrying about when you'll get out, because you can't get out until I release you."

"If you tried to get out before you were released, they'd just put you in a straitjacket," said the general man.

"Go away, fellows," I said.

"I'll bring you that stuff to read," the general man said. "You'll see how the common cold has got science up a tree."

We said goodbye. Snuffling and somewhat disappointed, I drank the second half-pint of orange juice and the nurse came in and administered the nose drops. The inhalator was snuffling now, too, in a soothing way, giving off businesslike puffs of steamy benzoin. In a few minutes I went to sleep.

THAT day and the next I felt much worse than I usually feel with a bad cold. I slept a great part of the time and didn't feel like reading or even talking. I drank all the liquids the nurse brought me, snuffed in the nose drops three times a day, took the special capsules, and breathed the benzoin fumes. On the third day, the capsules having been discontinued, I felt better. My nose was no longer stuffed up, and I could sense that the cold was in the interregnum stage that often occurs after it has begun to get out of the nose and hasn't yet quite got into the chest.

The nose man came in, looked at my sinuses by means of lights and mirrors, and said there was nothing wrong with them. "Keep taking the nose drops for a couple more days," he said. "I probably won't come in again. I've got a wonderful case down at the clinic, a guy with a sinus coming right out of his forehead. That's the sort of thing I live for. So long."

When the general man came in that morning, I asked him if there was any chance of keeping this cold from getting into my chest.

"Only the gargle," he said. "You'll be given a gargle four or five times today. The gargle isn't very interesting," he added hastily. "Just hot salt water, with a little aspirin and sodium bicarbonate in it."

"What do the hot water, salt, soda, and aspirin do?"

"The hot water increases the amount of blood in the blood vessels of the throat and thus builds up the resistance of the mucous membrane. The salt is a germicide, or disinfectant, the aspirin relieves the irritation and tends to keep you from coughing, and the soda just helps the aspirin to dissolve more homogeneously. Now if you ask me what a germicide does in the case of the common cold you'll have me, because what a germicide does is kill germs and we aren't at all sure that there *are* any germs connected with the common cold."

I asked him to crank up the bed a bit, so I could sit up straight.

"I knew in a vague way that the exact germ for the common cold hadn't been found," I said, "but there's no doubt about the cold being caused by a germ, is there?"

"All kinds of doubt," he said. "I've brought you a pretty exhaustive paper written recently by two medical men who are scientifically from Missouri, and you can read it if you like and we can talk about it tomorrow. The gist of it is that it is beginning to look as if the common cold is more probably caused by sudden changes of temperature than by a germ."

He took the medical paper out of his bag.

"This just about has everything in it anybody knows about the common cold," he said. "It goes back to Hippocrates. You know, for hundreds of years—at the apex of the age of reason, as a matter of fact—the accepted theory was that colds and all kinds of catarrh, which is Greek for 'flow down,' were caused by stuff flowing down from the brain. They thought that was where all the mucus came from and that when there was an oversupply of mucus in the brain, it flowed down and gave you a cold. We've demolished that theory, but we still don't know what causes a cold. This paper will tell you what goes on inside the nose and how it is constructed, and if it doesn't frighten you to death, you'll see why a cold may very well have nothing to do with germs at all."

"How do you know it doesn't flow down from the brain?" I asked. "It sounds to me as if they had something there. I think I can feel it flowing down right now."

"There's no way for it to flow down," he said. "Honest to God, we *know* that. We don't know much, but we know that."

THE paper, which I read that afternoon and evening, shows, among other things, that the nose is badly constructed, or at least is built along visionary rather than practical lines. The idea behind the nose was that it should, in addition to its function as the organ of smell, act as a sort of air-conditioning apparatus for the lungs. For this purpose, each nostril is lined with three little organs, known as the superior, middle, and inferior turbinates. These turbinates are supposed to stand erect when the air coming in is cold, warm it up, and at the same time develop a lot of moisture as it passes through, so as to add humidity to it. This is what the turbinates are supposed to do, but even the superior turbinate, it seems, is notoriously slipshod. A number of tests show, in fact, that generally speaking the turbinates have never been able to handle their responsibilities in a workmanlike manner.

A common performance of the turbinates goes something like this: You sit in your office, or your home, all morning on a cold day and the turbinates have little or nothing to do. If the air is a bit dry, they may work up some humidity by secreting moisture, which causes you to blow your nose now and then, but otherwise they remain dormant, living in a fool's paradise. Then you put on your hat and coat and go outdoors. You would think that the turbinates would take this calmly, but not at all. They stand erect immediately and far too fast and begin to secrete moisture on a scale much too extensive. Your nose becomes clogged by the swelling of the turbinates and runs freely because of the overexuberant moisture-secreting that is going

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on at the same time. This causes you to fight for survival by breathing directly through the mouth. The mouth has no proper equipment for warming the air or for adding humidity to it, except incidentally, in a haphazard way. The lungs are not prepared for cold, dry air, and presumably are harmed by it; if they are not harmed by it, then the whole conception of the turbinates is as foolish as their execution. At any rate, the turbinates go all to pieces for several minutes when you go suddenly out into the cold, and the medical profession is beginning to think that the mucous membrane inside the throat and at the back of the nose is irritated by the unwarmed, dry air and that this irritation, and not a germ, is what causes the common cold.

The turbinates are extremely sensitive, and thus untrustworthy and likely to go off half-cocked. They appear to have a hookup with the brain and with the sensory nerves, which adds to their inefficiency. For example, you may be sitting in a warm room with a window open somewhere in the house, which causes a cool draft to pass over your ankles. Your ankles don't mind this particularly and are definitely not cold, but your turbinates, which have a busybody quality about them, interpret this sensation to mean that you have gone out in the cold air and they begin to swell up and dribble. The medical profession doesn't know what the exact effect of a mixup like that is, but it supposes, reasonably enough, that all that warming and watering at a time when the air is already warm and humid throws the mucous membrane out of gear, just as it does when the turbinates work so hard as to make breathing through the nose almost impossible, and that the inflammation known as the common cold may be the result.

The turbinates are defective in still another way. Leading into them are small blood vessels, which pass through bony structure on the way. They are thus unable to expand and can carry only a certain amount of blood. But the blood vessels leading up to these bony, constricted areas are larger than the blood vessels that go into the turbinates. So when the turbinates, in order to swell up, call for more blood, the blood accommodatingly tries to rush to them and is hopelessly dammed up by the inadequate blood vessels that pass through the bony area. This causes some kind of irritation, obviously. But worse than that, once the blood has managed to get to the turbinates, making them swell, it has to pass through similarly narrow and constricted veins in order to get out again when the turbinates decide that everything is all clear and it is time to go limp again. Thus, for some little time after the turbinates have called everything off, they remain erect because the blood has to stand around in front of these narrow exits. The medical profession is inclined to think this sort of thing also probably irritates the mucous membrane. Knowing this much about how the turbinates carry on their work, it is easy enough to imagine what they do if your feet are cold and wet; or if you get overheated, so that the turbinates think everything is wonderful, and then sit down on a bench and cool off quickly; or if you do any of the various things which traditionally are supposed to give you a cold.

"THE turbinates seem to be nuts," I remarked when the general doctor came in the next morning. "And, incidentally, this cold seems to be going down into my chest."

"Well," he said, "if it is, it is probably because the turbinates *are* nuts."

"My God," I said, "I hadn't got around to wondering what the turbinates do when you actually have a cold. What do they do?"

"They lose all sense of reality, to put it mildly," he said. "The irritation to the mucous membrane, whatever causes *it*, excites the turbinates practically to the point of insanity. They swell up and stay swelled up, so you can hardly breathe at all through the nose, and the usually thin and watery nasal discharge which they secrete in order to humidify the air becomes thick and dry. In other words, your nose gets stuffed up. This causes you to breathe almost entirely through your mouth, and whether the air is humid and warm or cold and dry, the lungs apparently don't care for air that comes to them directly through the mouth. It seems, at least, to set up an irritation, or infection, in the bronchial tubes, and that is why the cold is now going into your chest, if it *is* going into your chest as you say. The nose drops are supposed to quiet down the turbinates and keep the nostrils open, but, of course, no nose drops work perfectly all the time."

"How do the turbinates seem to feel about benzoin?"

"Benzoin seems to soothe them somewhat, but not much more than stroking soothes a scared rabbit."

"Well, I feel better than I ordinarily do on the fourth day," I said, "and this cold doesn't seem to be going into the chest as much as most of them do."

"Thanks," he said.

"What about these injections that are supposed to prevent colds?" I asked. "I see by this medical paper that some chimpanzees that have been given the injections have colds just the same and some don't."

"They have not been entirely successful," the doctor said. "They are designed to attack the causes of secondary and tertiary infections which follow the initial infection or irritation known as the common cold. In many cases they seem to make the cold milder for this reason. The idea is that, whatever causes the initial inflammation, it weakens the general resistance of the mucous membrane, and the pneumococcus, various kinds of streptococcus, and other known germs or viruses rush right in. The injections work up a partial immunity to these secondary and tertiary invaders. But they don't always work. One theory is that these injections cause a purely chemical reaction which for some reason tends to counteract the general irritation, or infection. Like codeine. Codeine really seems to have some specific effect on a cold, but it doesn't always have it, and when it does have it, we don't know why it does. There's another preparation made from a cold vaccine which is taken internally, like a pill. I think it was forty per cent of a group of people who reported great improvement after taking this, but forty per cent of another group who were given pills containing nothing at all also reported great improvement. One reason we are beginning to think a cold isn't caused by a germ is that a cold, unlike most infectious diseases, seems to develop no immunity. You can have one cold right on top of another, as you know. We're up a tree, as I said before."

"This business of the common cold not being caused by a germ at all sort of strikes at the foundation of American civilization, doesn't it?"

"Don't get me wrong," the doctor said. "The no-germ theory hasn't been proved, any more than the germ theory. The thing is we just don't know. There's a great deal to be said for the germ theory, although it seems right now that there is more to be said for the no-germ theory. And anyway, influenza is a contagious disease definitely caused by a germ, so the precautions people usually take to keep from giving other people their colds are just as well. The funny thing about influenza is that the turbinates don't seem to be particularly affected by it. You don't get the same acute snuffling or stuffed-up feeling with influenza that you do with the common, grippy cold, yet with influenza you are a whole lot sick-

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er than you are with a common cold."

"I guess I ought to get out of here tomorrow," I said.

"No reason why you shouldn't," he said. "You've had no fever for two days and there doesn't seem to be any serious bronchial infection. You'll cough a little for a day or two, and then you ought to be O.K."

THE doctor sneezed suddenly.

"I hope I haven't given you my cold," I said.

"You may have," he said. "If there *are* any common cold germs, I have doubtless picked up some of them up from you. On the other hand, it is probably just the turbinates seeing ghosts. Of course, a piece of dust or something may have got up my nose just then and made me sneeze, the sneeze being a reflex action designed by nature to clear the nose of any irritating substance. But this reflex action isn't absolutely dependable either, any more than the turbinates are. I suspect that what happened just now was that the turbinates, for some reason known only to themselves, got excited and worked up an over-abundant amount of moisture; this moisture, trickling through my nose, fooled my sensory nervous system into thinking that there was some irritating substance in there and caused me to sneeze. Sneezing, incidentally, isn't such a good method of ridding the nose of an irritating substance because sneezing itself irritates the nose."

"And perhaps causes or contributes to an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the upper respiratory tract?"

"Exactly," he said.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

Yesterday the temperature was normal, making it the third consecutive day of exactly normal temperatures. The observer said this was not normal. In other words, it is normal for temperature to be normal for one day, but it is not normal for it to be normal three days in a row. Thus, the temperature is usually above or below normal, but it is abnormal for it to stay normal.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It seems awfully hot in this room.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Collier's*]

If some outfits are so new they lack traditions, the 250th Coast Artillery doesn't. It got its start in July, 1849, as the First California Guard of Light Artillery; helped hold California to the Northern side in '61; was in on the capture of Manila in '98 and won honors in the St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors in '18. . . . Now it's out for the Army basketball championship.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Greeks swear that the unsuccessful Fascist offensive in Albania was conducted personally by the Duce. They probably recognized him by his outstanding jaw and pinned-back ears.

•

While income-tax payers were contributing a billion dollars in one day, Congress was getting ready to slip the President seven billions for aid to the democracies. As Uncle Sam always says, "Easy come, easier go."

•

The London and Washington governments are suspicious of Pétain's request that the British blockade be relaxed so that Frenchmen may eat. They naturally ask, "You and who else?"

•

As this is written, it seems that Yugoslavia will have to sign some sort of amity agreement with the Nazis. Hating Hitler is a luxury which next-door neighbors cannot enjoy.

•

Tokio is watching the quarrel between Chiang and the Chinese Communists, hoping that it is nothing trivial. This may turn out to be another profitable mediation job.

•

Dean Pound and Professor Chaffee of the Harvard Law School have urged the government not to suspend the right of criticism because of the defence program. A democracy should always provide carping space for critics.

•

Sanitation Commissioner Carey insists that New York City should save $1,500,000 by letting nature clear away the March snowfall. He will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

•

As we go to press, footsore New Yorkers are longing for a settlement of the bus strike. It is generally agreed that a busman's place is not in the home.

•

Willkie laughs off the Nazi story that his grandfather was cheated out of his property by a Jew. It is just a little thing by Dr. Goebbels, the famous German fiction-writer.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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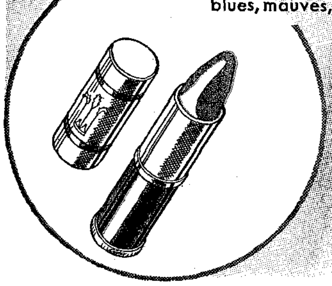


Charles of the Ritz Salons at . . . The Ritz-Carlton, New York, WIckersham 2-3435 • The Ritz Tower, New York, WIckersham 2-1780 • The Barclay, New York, WIckersham 2-1742 The Plaza, New York, PLaza 3-2527 • B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York, MUrray Hill 9-7000; White Plains, White Plains 9800; East Orange, ORange 5-3000. ALSO — John Wanamaker, Philadelphia • I. Magnin, Los Angeles • Ritz-Carlton, Boston • T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee • Himelhoch's, Detroit

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

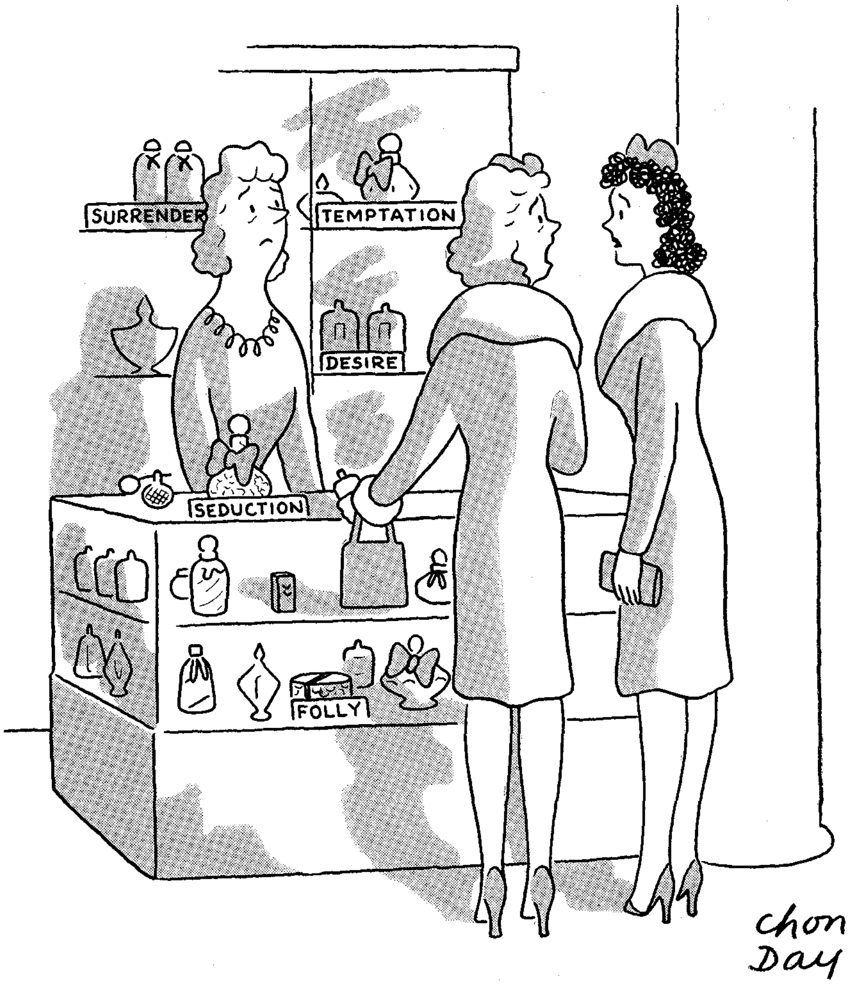
FEMININE FASHIONS

AFTER seeing most of the spring collections of the prestige houses of New York, I'm certain of only one thing—that it is still too early to know whether or not this city is going to be the fashion centre of the world. Everywhere in New York you see beautiful, wearable clothes that bring out nice lines in the figure. There isn't a real horror anywhere, or even a single grave mistake or one manifestation of wacky impudence. A lot of practical people are delighted with this sane performance. Women who must avoid extremes because they get themselves only a few things a season have never before been presented with such tempting assortments of costumes which will be just as suitable three years from now as they would have been three years ago. But to people who like spice, whether it agrees with them or not, such sanity is not enough. Navy-and-white combinations are an American uniform for spring, and thousands of them are around, fluffed up with original and often interesting detail. Reefer coats over plain and printed dresses are another fashion of which women never tire, though they want new versions every season. Right now there are some gorgeous ones, in odd shades of pink-reds and orange-reds and Kelly greens, over prints that are inspired in their color combinations. Still, as the radio networks have found out, "Old Black Joe" remains "Old Black Joe" no matter how you swing it, and somehow a reefer remains a reefer. Even though music lovers go on liking old favorites, they must have more than just new arrangements; they want a new tune by a Kern or a Rodgers, too. Similarly, fashion needs brand-new themes to play with if you insist, as I do, on regarding it as a vital minor art and not merely a means of covering the often dowdy human body and protecting it from the dew.

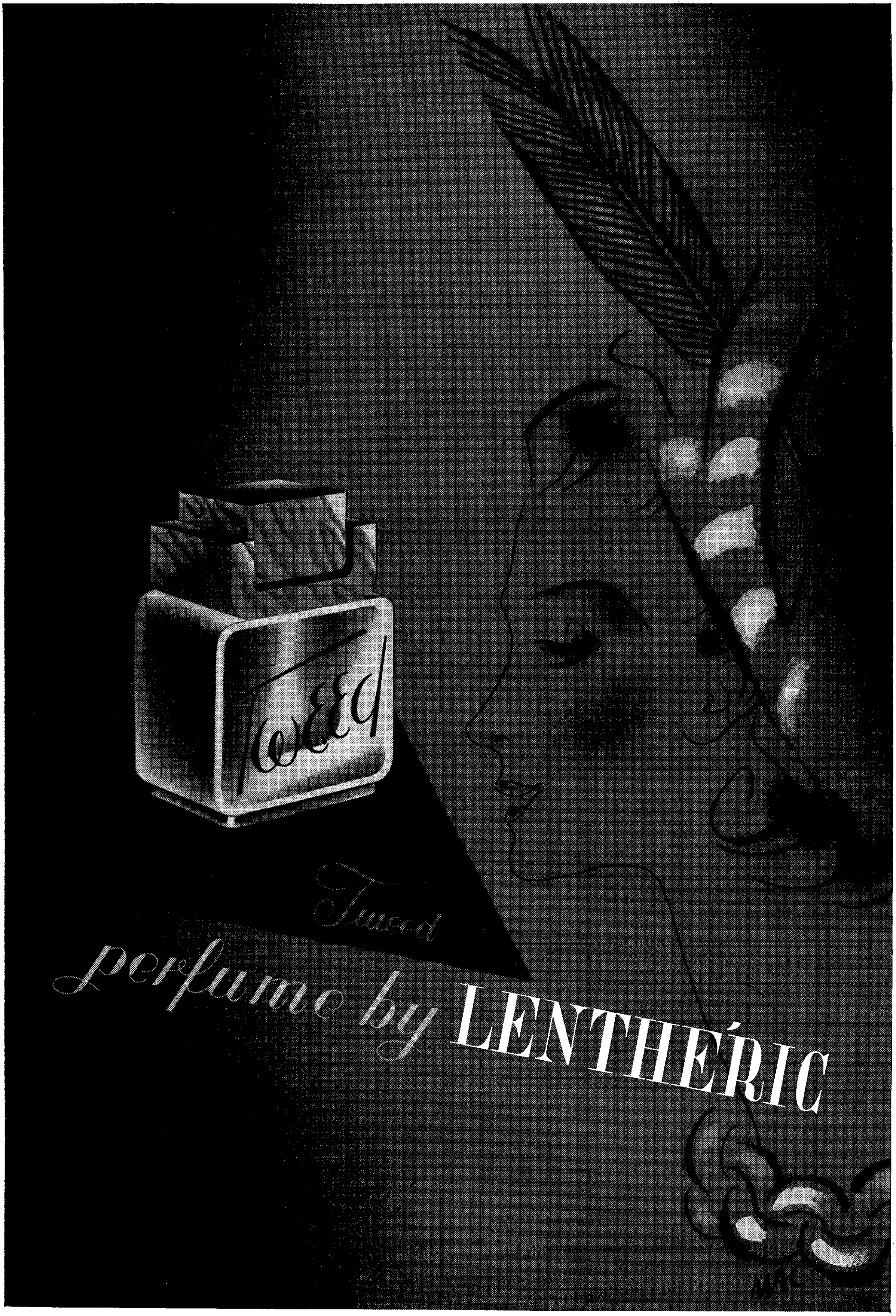
There never was a good Paris collection that didn't contain plenty of nightmares. Some were the products of pure cynicism about the taste of the buying public, some were sordidly designed solely to give the press something gaga to write about, most were trial balloons. A few exhibitionistic and chic women would play guinea pig and wear a bizarre new line in public with disdain for whatever ridicule it might arouse. The ideas contained in such dresses were discarded immediately by their creators if they turned out to be so essentially absurd that they couldn't be adapted to a large group of customers, but some of the ideas, however eccentric or poorly executed at the first try, bobbed up again later in toned-down versions, and even served as a basis for some of the "practical" fashions of a couple of seasons later. These mavericks, however, are missing from the current scene.

Mind you, nobody abhors the pretentiousness of phony "inspirations" in clothes more than I do. I don't want to run into Beatrice d'Este or Kiki in our high-toned bars and grills. But neither do I think that these times are static or that the clothes which supposedly reflect them should be. The top designers are experimenting with new and gracious lines, but the majority seem to be stricken with a bad case of galloping timidity. If it's a plot to get women into standardized uniforms, I'd like some that look like 1941, with a chip-on-the-shoulder verve, not like the old ready-to-wears I remember from way back in 1938. If the idea is that times are going to be tough, I still feel a little bravado would not be amiss. Or if, in the end, it is merely a matter of grinding dresses out and selling them, I don't see why women should pay $185 for a costume that looks like the kind the average American is used to getting ready-to-wear for from $19.95 to $49.50. Spring navy-and-white prints, after all, have a way of looking very much alike, and they also have a talent for obscuring every one of those subtle, high-fashion tucks our most individual designers can think of.

Last season there was favorable comment on the elongated jacket, which looked very well at its début. There were also a number of dashing experiments (done with especial brilliance by Clarepotter in sportswear and by Hattie Carnegie for evening) in elongated, clinging sweaters, which I thought then, and still do, had a prophetic look. They



"Sometime I must tell you what happened to my sister."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—that in spite of their low prices quality must be a first consideration . . . that Gunther fashion must be as apparent in a $75 jacket as one costing many hundreds, and that capes will be an important fashion this Spring.

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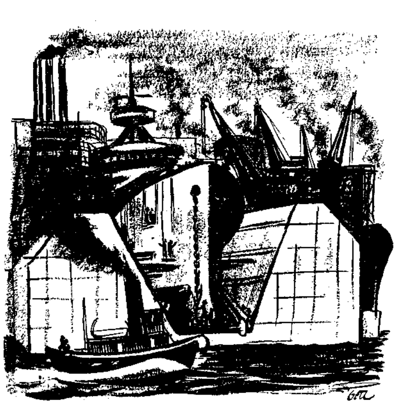
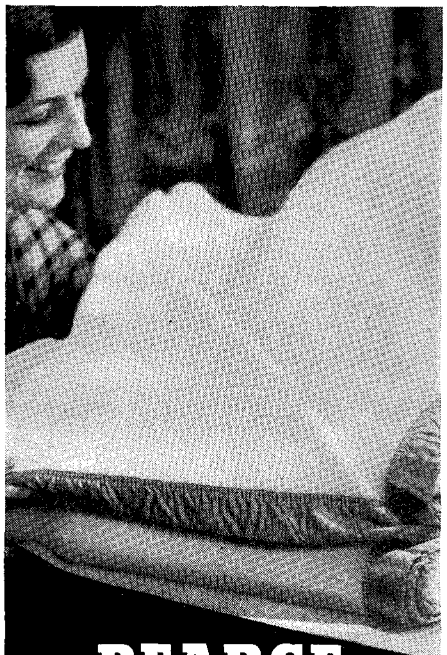
weren't becoming to a lot of figures, but we are likely to forget how adaptable the most conservative of women can be. (One of the most difficult fashions to upset was the uniform of the twenties—skirts to the knee, the body a hard oblong with a belt around the widest part of the hips. People said women would never discard it, it was so youthful and becoming, so wearable. Well, seen any old snapshot albums lately?) Now this long, clinging sweater has been dropped by the custom houses without an attempt to adapt it to the average figure. This is only one example of what looks like panic, and I simply cannot understand it.

Certainly we have many designers, both in the de-luxe houses and in the wholesale places, who until six months ago had never been allowed to do more than adapt the vagaries of Paris fashions for the public. Turned loose to do or die for American design and told, without warning, to make like Schiaparelli, they naturally floundered. They had a pardonable desire to grasp the wonderful opportunity to show off, but they also had the sobering realization that their employers were not in business for their health and expected them to turn out designs that would sell. Apparently this second thought has won out almost completely. I consider this shortsighted. No fashion house can be sure when the Good Customer will look at a collection embodying the tried-and-true lines she has loved for years and shriek, "I have a closet full of things like that already! Show me something *new!*" A woman in this mood will want to see more than a novel shoulder seam, a fantastic little button, or a startling, blinding color. The couturiers should be prepared for her revolt, and they should start now. For new lines turn up only sporadically. They turn up because a designer is feeling whimsical and wants to let off steam. He (or she) should be indulged, allowed to have some material to play with, to make up something experimental, and to show it, for better or for worse. It may be horrible; it may be on-





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ly a dress that a girl with a monkey sense of humor will wear a couple of times into a night spot for the laughs she'll get with it. But from this seemingly disastrous start *might* come an idea that would inspire fellow-designers or the creator himself to sounder flights for next season.

It seems a curious time for American leaders to get cagey and play their cards close to their chests. Besides, I have a feeling it's risky. Fashions have remained pretty much the same for quite a number of seasons now. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Blooms in the Spring

ACRES of Pan-American blooms in the yearly International Flower Show (it'll be at the Grand Central Palace through this Saturday) are doing a fine job of calming gardeners' jitters about the supply of plant material for the coming summer. Flaunting its lavish and fragrant display in the face of all the rumors of shortage, the Flower Show repeats the optimism of 1941 seed catalogues, which have been coming dauntlessly off the presses as plump and rosy as ever, bursting with implied assurance that in the gardening world, at any rate, all is well, or very nearly. There has been only an occasional note of extra urgency in the customary order-early-and-avoid-disappointment warnings to indicate that a threat to the future of horticulture exists anywhere on earth, which would be fine if it didn't sound so much like whistling in the dark. For instance, finding that out in Mentor, Ohio, the Wayside Gardens nurseries, one of the American agencies for Sutton's English seeds, are still able to list these prizes in an assortment ranging from agathaea to zinnias would have been doubly comforting to me if they hadn't seen fit to print a special, cheery foreword in which Sutton & Sons, Ltd., invite American visitors to England this summer to drop in on them at Reading and inspect the glasshouses. If you don't mind my saying so, Wayside, that's too much.

A shortage from which my own garden has already suffered is that of peat moss. By the middle of last summer a gardener was glad to get this invaluable hot-weather mulch at any price, and if he could get it at $5 a bale he carried on like someone discovering an outlying dealer with a case of French vermouth he's willing to sell for $1.25 a quart. The situation looks more hopeful now that peat moss is coming in from Canada. Not many catalogues list it—most of them, in fact, blandly ignore the subject

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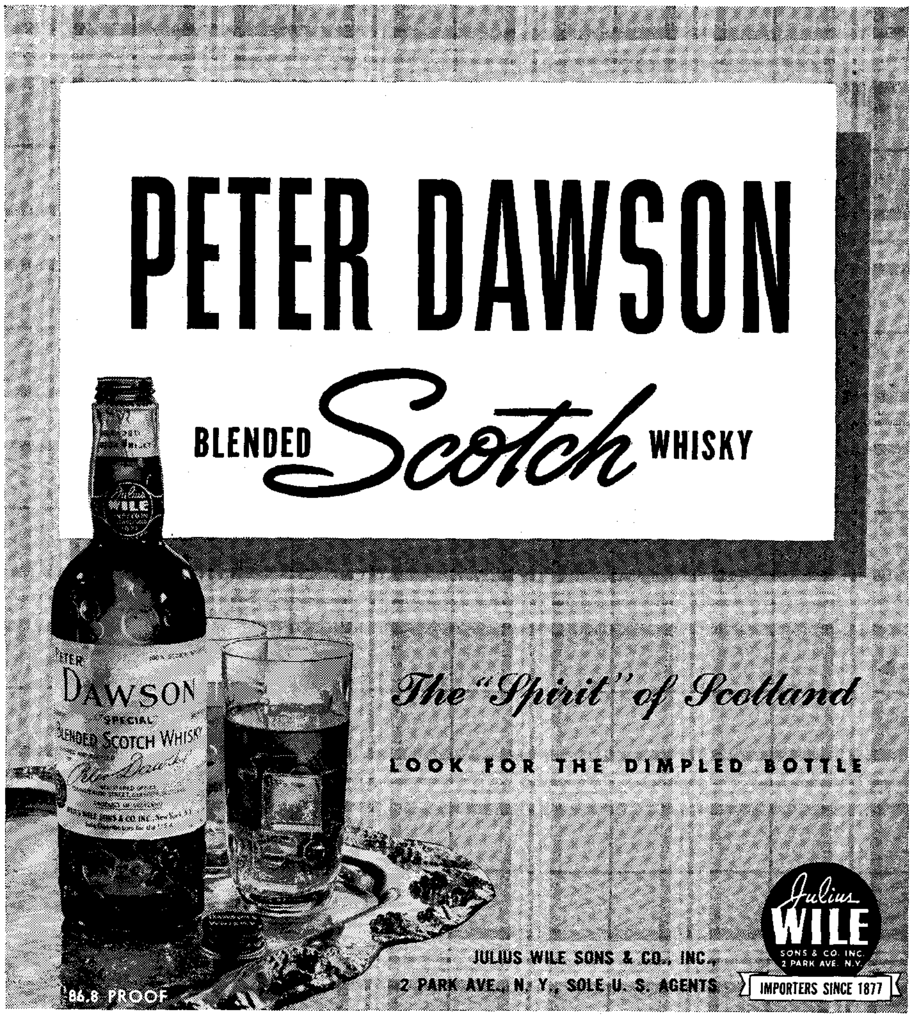
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It's nice to discover that David Burpee has let nothing stand in the way of his experiments with marigolds. If I'm not mistaken, there are more new Burpee hybrids this year than ever before, and they look wonderful. Wildfire, for one, a "single" (one layer of petals, as opposed to "double," which means several layers, and "very double," which means many layers), runs the gamut of marigold shadings all by itself; the flowers bloom in various combinations of yellow, orange, scarlet, and mahogany—each plant, as the catalogues like to put it, a bouquet. This variety grows unevenly, so you won't want to use it in formal beds or borders, but it's sure to be perfect for cutting and should be excellent as a midsummer filler for perennial borders which aim at a grandmother's-garden effect rather than anything formal and stylish. For that matter, I've found most of the French-African hybrids ideal for this purpose; the colors are marvellous with the hazy violet-blue of spiky veronicas in midsummer, and with the asters and blue salvia later on. They don't even seem to fight with pink and rose-colored phlox, provided you keep these at a distance, and particularly if there's some neutralizing agent in between, such as the dazzling white of Shasta daisies.

Also on my list for a tryout this summer are Burpee's double French marigold Scarlet Glow, which sounds good and red, or at least as nearly red as a marigold could ever hope to get, and Limelight, which promises clear lemon-yellow blossoms, like pompon chrysanthemums, on dwarf, bushy, symmetrical plants. Both of these are new this year. The tiny Signet marigolds, with little five-petalled single flowers among fine, ferny, low-growing foliage, sound tempting for edgings; Burpee has Signata pumila Golden Ring (orange) and S.p. Lemon Ring (yellow).

If you'd like to know how I fared with Sutton's red and white dwarf varieties of the incomparably fragrant nicotiana, or flowering tobacco, which were mentioned here so hopefully a year ago, the answer is not so well. The red sort were in full bloom by July and were both decorative and neat, exactly as represented, but had a meagre fragrance not to be compared with that of the old, reliable, tall-growing, untidy, and sprawling white night-bloomers. The white variety I planted never so much as got above ground, but Sutton has always

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been so reliable a grower that I doubt the fault lay with the seeds. Possibly they shouldn't have been planted out in the open ground; anyway, I'm ordering a new packet from Macy and shall start them indoors in seed flats, along with several packets of the old-fashioned sort just for insurance.

THIS year, more and more people who fled the city during the back-to-the-soil movement of the thirties are finding their sweet country solitude infringed upon by neighbors. I'd like to bring a note of hope into their shattered lives with a short talk on hedges. Hedges are very fine things to have around when open country begins to fill up with nasty signs saying "For Sale, Will Divide." Hedges are likely to be sneered at by your friends as being suburban, but never mind. They also cut off your view, and the sooner the better in the circumstances I'm talking about. Of course, a high wood fence or masonry wall will do the job, but the cost will make your hair curl. Not that you can't sink a small fortune in a hedge; evergreens and fancy flowering shrubs large enough to give real protection in a few years' time are not to be had for a song. Two fast-growing hedges which *are*, though, provided you are willing to wait for your results, are Amur River privet (not to be confused with the more costly California privet, which is only slightly handsomer and is always threatening to succumb to zero weather), and Spirea Van Houtte, a beauty which has lost caste because of the affection railroad-station landscapers have for it. Ignore this snobbery; Spirea Van Houtte, set out in the customary staggered double row, will give you a medium-height hedge which is handsome in all seasons, blooms like fountains of snow for a good three weeks in May (so beautiful you can hardly believe it), and, best of all, never has to be clipped or sheared. It won't grow over ten feet, but if that's enough it can't be beat. Five years ago, five dollars' worth of six-inch Spireas gave me nearly a hundred feet of baby hedge which you couldn't even see during its first summer but is now six feet tall, has had to be thinned out several times, and is still spurting.

Amur River privet also can be left unclipped, in which state goodness only knows the height and breadth it may reach. I keep mine sheared at seven feet, a height it achieved with ease in four years from a four-to-five-foot start, clipped back after planting to insure heavy, even growth. Fifty feet of this dense hedge, which I got after considerable shopping around, cost me about

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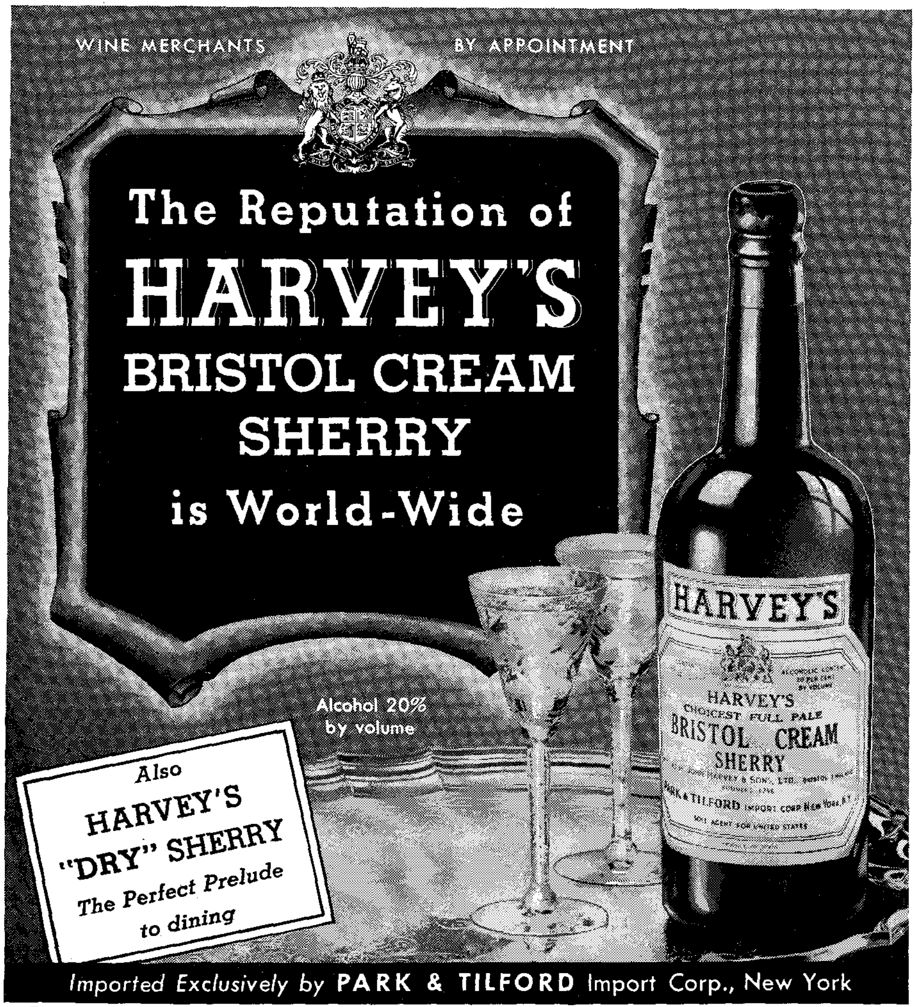
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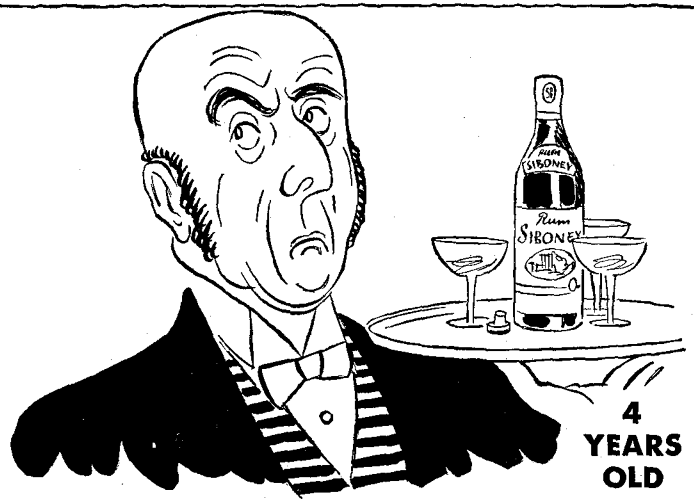

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$40. If I hadn't needed immediate seclusion from the bordering road, I could have quartered this price by buying younger shrubs.

If you want hedging to plant this spring for two-years-from-now effect, some of the Western nurseries have fine stuff. Inter-State Nurseries, Hamburg, Iowa, who supplied my Spirea hedge, offer fifty twelve- to eighteen-inch plants of Spirea Van Houtte or Amur River privet (good for fifty feet of hedge) for $2.95, or a hundred for $5.50.

GOOD news for lawn-owners who dread fresh onslaughts of crab grass comes from Carl Giessler, at 202 East 58th Street. On Long Island, at least, crab grass heads the list of lawn pests. A cure is offered, with some slight reservations, by Mr. Giessler. It's a liquid to be applied in solution to infected spots (not before midsummer, though) with a sprinkling can or sprayer. Tests he made last year proved it effective. The hitches are that in killing the weed, it turns the good grass brown and unsightly for three weeks, and that it can't be used at all on bent-grass lawns, which are just as allergic to it as crab grass. Experimenters are eagerly awaiting the first spring growth in lawns on which the tests were made, to see whether the effect has been lasting. I'll report on this in the future. A pound, which Mr. Giessler says will take care of up to two thousand square feet, costs $1.50.

Later on, I'll have news about new gardening tools and machinery, and a first-hand report on how some of last year's worked out. —B. B.

•

THE NO BALL GROUP

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

THE committee of arrangements for the Assembly Ball met at the home of Mrs. Robert Garrett and decided not to have the annual ball this year owing to war conditions. The committee is composed of Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Bruce Cotton, Mrs. Miles White, Jr., Mrs. William S. Blackford, Mrs. Francis M. Jencks, Mrs. S. Tagart Steele, Mrs. William Cabell Bruce, Mrs. Francis King Carey, Mrs. William Keyser, Mrs. W. H. DeCourcy Wright, Mrs. Howard Bruce, Mrs. Gaylord Lee Clark, Mrs. Charles H. Carter, Mrs. J. Triplett Haxall, Mrs. Richard N. Jackson, Mrs. N. Winslow Williams, Mrs. Horatio L. Whitridge, Mrs. Edwin Warfield, Mrs. T. Courtenay Jenkins, Mrs. J. H. Mason Knox, Mrs. I. R. Trimble, Mrs. George S. Jackson, Mrs. Sherlock Swann, Mrs. Blanchard Randall, Jr., Mrs. T. Edward Johnston, Mrs. David G. McIntosh, Jr., Mrs. Carlyle Barton, Mrs. Jack Symington, Mrs. Frank A. Bonsal and Mrs. George G. Carey, Jr.

THE ART GALLERIES

Painters of New York—And Elsewhere

FOR some reason, New York rarely gets credit for being a painter's city, and though I have often wondered why, I've never quite known. Perhaps the size of the town is against it, or perhaps it's that picture we try so hard to create, of a place which is all hurry and hard angles; certainly no one here ever stops in mid-traffic to frame a view with his fingers and remark, "What a subject for Reginald Marsh!" or "A veritable John Sloan!" For such gestures, it seems, you need Paris and leisure. But for all that, the artists are here and working, and though they have never yet produced a school as dynamic in its influence as Paris has, the fact remains that for the past forty years, at least, New York has been under as close and continuous artistic study as any other city on earth.

How close and, on the whole, how loving that study has been one needs only to turn to the Whitney Museum's new exhibition of New York scenes, called "This Is Our City," to find out. A loan affair, it's made up of oils, water colors, and black-and-whites; New York is its subject and the present century its period, and I think you'll find it by far the most genuinely pleasing big show we've had around here this season.

To be sure, it contains few surprises. John Sloan is its hero (as, of course, he must always be whenever Manhattan is mentioned) and the roster runs on, more or less as might be expected, through George Luks, Ernest Lawson, and Glackens to such modern specialists in the New York scene as Reginald Marsh and Raphael Soyer. I couldn't help feeling that a little more digging around in odd corners might have turned up some new men and livened things appreciably. Too, that old failing of the Whitney for "polite" art is again in evidence and, especially in the contemporary section, there are times when the selections seem wishy-washy indeed. These, however, are minor objections, considering all the fine things the show has to offer, and though no new names are presented, in this case the familiar ones are quite good enough—particularly since among the Sloans are "The Haymarket" and the brisk, lovely "Backyards, Greenwich Village," since the Lukses include the practically immortal "The Spielers," and since one of the Lawsons is "High Bridge," to my mind about the finest piece of straight Impressionist painting ever done in America.

I find I still have not succeeded in defining the charm of the show. I think that the city itself has something to do with it, the city in so many and so varied aspects—in Soyer's poignant slum-life studies and Reginald Marsh's more ebullient ones, in Peggy Bacon's quirkily ironic observations—that the total effect becomes panoramic and the individual pieces, good or bad, are lost in the sweep of it. Any way you look at it, though, it's a mighty good show.

TWO other big exhibitions are on the list for this week, one the hundred-and-fifteenth annual of the National Academy, at the Fine Arts Galleries, and the other a first annual of the recently formed Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, at the Riverside Museum. Great as their difference in ages is, there seemed to me remarkably little to choose between the two groups artistically. The Academy show is, of course, still solidly, determinedly, almost stubbornly conservative in flavor, and the welter of cottony landscapes and snow scenes, of almost indecently fleshly nudes, is about as thick as ever. It did seem, nevertheless, that new blood or new inspiration is seeping into the organization, and if you go there and look closely enough, you are likely to find some surprisingly pleasant paintings: for example, Ferdinand E. Warren's sunny harbor-side view called "Springtime," and Harry Hering's harshly lighted but effective "Street in Maryland." In the sculpture section, about the only thing I noticed—with pleasure, that is—was Clara Fasano's blocky, jolly bronze called "Country Dance."

By contrast, the Modern Painters and Sculptors affair represents a wide variety of styles, but the proportion of good work to bad is about the same as at the Academy show and the result of the mixture comes dangerously close to being a hodgepodge. Some fine pieces stand out, however; in particular, Adolph Gottlieb's big, grave-toned "Gourds, No. 2," Bradley Walker Tomlin's strongly patterned semi-abstraction called "Still

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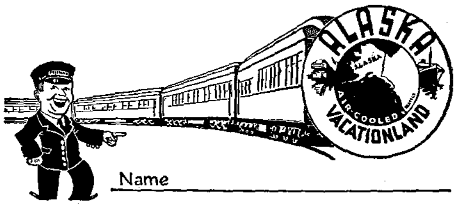

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING

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Life," and Louis Bouché's sharp, well-painted "Somewhere in Brooklyn." Among the sculptures, I liked Herbert Ferber's small marble, "Defeated," and José de Creeft's tall, sinuous "Salammbo" about as well as any. The show, by the way, ends this Sunday.

Pierre Renoir was born in 1841, and to celebrate his centenary the Bignou Gallery has arranged an exhibition of his paintings that, small and relatively unpretentious as it is for so august an occasion, manages to cover the main points of his long career in fairly thorough fashion. Only twenty-three paintings are listed, but the earliest of these, the oddly conventional "Le Bouquet," takes you all the way back to 1858, when Renoir was a boy of seventeen, still earning his living as a painter of porcelain. The latest, a charming little figure study called "Jeune Femme dans un Paysage," was done in 1916, only three years before his death. In between there are a couple of canvases from his Algerian period (one, called "Alger la Blanche," very Delacroix in feeling, is especially interesting), a "Baigneuses à Guernesey" which shows his Italian influences, a couple of early portraits, and landscapes and figure studies in the tawnily sensual, sultry style that marked his final manner. I was interested, too, in a "Montagne Ste. Victoire" for the contrast it offered with Cézanne's views of the same subject, and there's a landscape called "Hommage à Corot," done in 1898 and very cool and soft in treatment, that I think you'll find completely charming.

—Robert M. Coates

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[*From the Boston Evening Transcript*]

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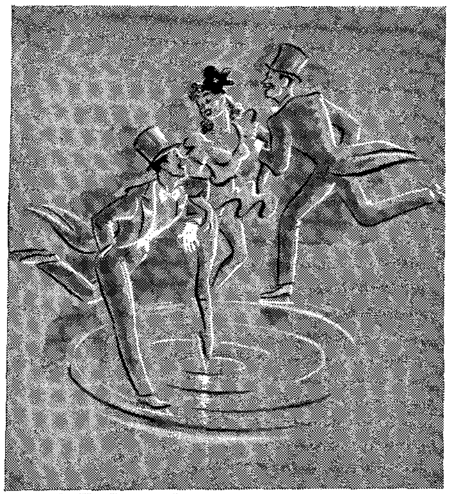

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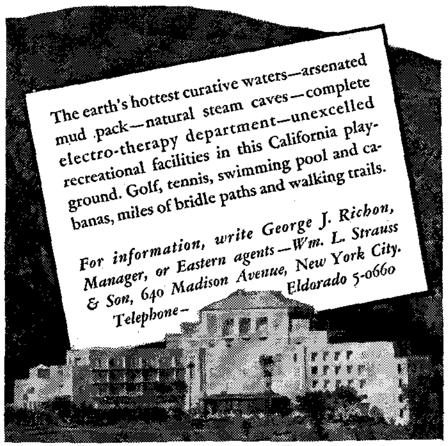

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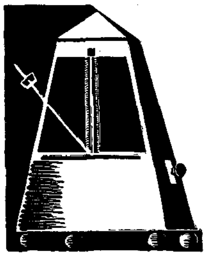
MUSICAL EVENTS

American Music, Assorted



THERE'S been a good representation of American composers, native or naturalized, at the concerts of our symphony orchestras lately, and we might run through the roster and see what the boys are doing. The compositions break down—using the expression in its purely statistical sense, of course—into two divisions: symphonies, and essays based largely on folk music.

In the symphony group, there was Nicolai Berezowsky's third symphony, played by the Boston Symphony, and Bernard Wagenaar's third symphony, introduced by the Philharmonic-Symphony. (This is about symphonies, it seems.) Mr. Berezowsky's third is much the most interesting product I've heard from this gifted musician's catalogue. The first two movements are built around good, honest themes, and make their points without stalling. The third is rather cerebral, with a short conclusion that is a bang-up apotheosis. Somehow, this Big Finish seemed arbitrary; the symphony would have been more logical without a finale *in excelsis* and in italics. All told, though, this is a substantial work, and it had a stirring showing by Serge Koussevitzky and his men.

Mr. Wagenaar's symphony is sound, concise, and skillful music, more romantic and, to the ear, more conservative than some of his previous offerings. There are a few sardonic touches in the composition, and a moment when jazz looks in but decides not to remain.

AS for folk music, Roy Harris's Three Pieces for Orchestra, offered by the Philharmonic-Symphony, consists of two excerpts from his "Folk-Song Symphony for Orchestra and Chorus" (this hasn't been in town yet) and a slow movement to separate them. The combination of two sets of dance tunes and a lyrical intermezzo doesn't jell entirely, but the individual items are attractive, and suggest that the complete "Folk-Song Symphony" deserves a showing hereabouts. Morton Gould's "Foster Gallery," another Philharmonic-Symphony offering, is thirty-five minutes of Stephen Foster melodies worked out every which way. Some of the devices are fairly straight arrangements,

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some are variations in which only an old Foster expert can keep track of the original ditty, some are prankish commentaries, some are reasonably exact facsimiles of Foster's own orchestral settings. There's a great deal that's brilliant and stimulating, and the composition would profit by being taken down and reassembled in the interests of compactness. Mr. Barbirolli conducted it, as he also did the Wagenaar and Harris music, with immense enthusiasm.

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought to Carnegie Hall Harl McDonald's suite, "From Childhood," for harp and orchestra, with Miss Edna Phillips, the orchestra's first harpist, playing the solo delightfully. Surrounded by imposing compositions by Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, Gluck, and Wagner, Mr. McDonald's suite didn't make the impression that it might have under other circumstances, and Mr. McDonald, who is manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra as well as a composer, may take up this curious programing with the responsible parties. "From Childhood," except for an overloaded first movement, is a pleasant and sometimes sentimental presentation of charming English folk songs.

IN addition to American compositions, there were American soloists with the Philharmonic-Symphony and Philadelphia bands, although the soloists didn't do anything about American music. Beveridge Webster, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, played the Schumann concerto with sure-handed sensibility. Miss Helen Traubel, at the Philadelphia event, had her usual success with her usual magnificent tones and even more than her usual energy.

THIS is a note on a distinguished American music critic, Pitts Sanborn, who contributed greatly to the enlightenment and entertainment of all of us by his reviews and his program notes. Perhaps there will be published—as there should be—a volume of his musical observations, for his scholarship and his style should be readily accessible to all who are interested in music. His enthusiasms, and the humor and charm with which he expressed them, are reflected in his novel, "Prima Donna," one of the most enjoyable of stories about musicians. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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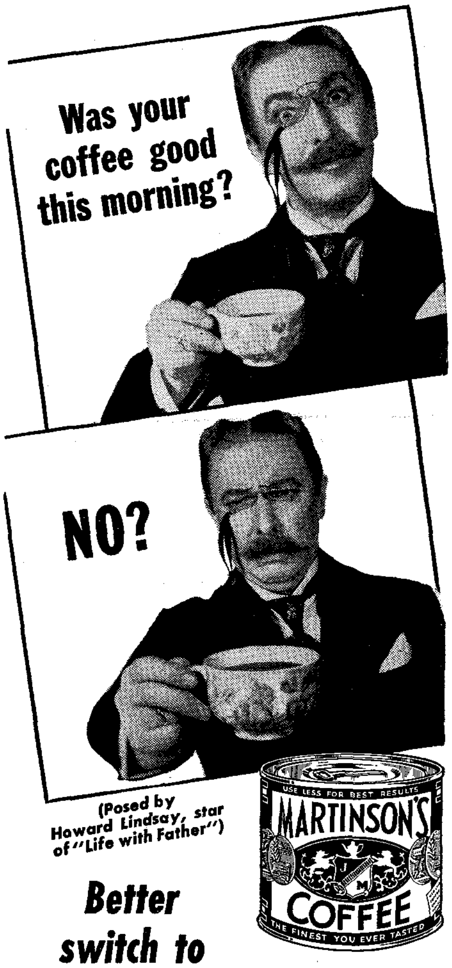
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6 West 52nd — Off 5th Avenue

MR. POCOCK CANNOT TAKE IT

MY butcher's name is Mr. Pocock and over his shop are the words, inscribed in medium-sized white letters and embellished with scrollwork, "Purveyor of Choice English and Scotch Meats." Stout, ruddy, and excellently nourished, Mr. Pocock stands—or used to stand—against an opulent background of proud rumps, loins, and shoulders.

He's justly famous throughout Bloomsbury. One does not buy meat from Mr. Pocock; one consults him, reverently hanging on his words as he hands down his opinion. Or, at least, so it went in the old days.

You might have suggested, quite tentatively, of course, "Mr. Pocock, we had thought of a small shoulder this weekend." He would have stared reflectively in front of him for a few seconds, then, if he found the idea sound, nodded slowly and scanned his vast assembly of animals to select slowly, deliberately, without impulse or the possibility of error, the proper shoulder.

On the other hand, he might not have nodded at all but instead have murmured dreamily, "We have a piece of beef . . ." Immediately you would have wondered how you could possibly have entertained such an idea as lamb—or, indeed, of anything connected with a sheep—and watched him slowly disappear through a trapdoor to the cooling room below, to return with a segment of the buttocks of a bullock balanced expertly on ten spread fingers. Placing it gently on the block in front of you and meeting your eye for one steady second in mystical communion over the tenderness, the flavor, the whole maddening vision of deliciousness which was to be yours, he might have said, as he cut, "Scotch—the best. Only had one carcass of this." There was, of course, some exchange of coin after the ceremony, but that was all taken care of by the girl at the cash desk.

Well, this is what used to happen if you went to consult Mr. Pocock prior to last spring, when His Majesty's Government found themselves obliged to introduce rationing. In a sense, it still does, at least for Mr. Pocock. He's not gone mad or anything, and he's still at the old stand cutting up meat, but he never sees a food coupon and knows nothing about rationing.

To put it bluntly, Mr. Pocock just couldn't take it, and the rest of us—customers and help alike—have formed a kind of protective association to shield him from the gross realities of war. By tact and small deceptions, we have enabled him to retire into the past, *status quo* August, 1939.

MR. POCOCK's inability to adjust began to manifest itself, some time before rationing came in, when meat of unfamiliar origin found its way to his hooks and counters. He would discover himself dissecting sheep which were definitely not Southdown and pork which never came out of Devon. Quadrupeds, in part or whole, began to invade his premises from improbable counties, like Huntingdonshire and Norfolk. There was even talk of meat from Cornwall, famous for fish. Mr. Pocock grew moody and his movements lost confidence, but I must say that at that point he tried to hold onto himself and face life as it is. About that time I asked one day for lamb. He waved his hand toward a collection of gawky hindquarters. "Irish! Never heard of it—large as calves."

But it got worse; it didn't stop at Cornwall, or even within the bounds of the British Isles. Dull, elongated carcasses, pallid from long sojourn in the freezing chamber and baldly labelled "Imported," began to sidle in at the back of the shop. Mr. Pocock turned his back on this merchandise, which was retailed by the help. He occupied himself with such products of the homeland as he was able to get and spent the rest of the time ignoring the salutations of customers and staring out at the street.

Finally came rationing.

I remember I entered his shop gaily one morning, brandishing my ration books to show I was doing the right thing and registering with him. I was met with a glassy stare; he looked ill. The girl at the cash desk called out hurriedly, "Oh, Mrs. Howe, we'll take care of that!" They did, and have done so ever since.

One should not be too hard on Mr. Pocock for failing to measure up. Certain highly organized persons, notably artists and poets and introspectives of all kinds, are notoriously unable to adjust themselves to the harsh demands of wartime regime. Mr. Pocock must be counted among them, despite his misleading appearance.

Anyway, there were other insensitive people like myself who waved books at him until one day he had a nervous collapse and broke down and wept in the

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cooling room among a lot of Australian mutton and Argentine beef. This is not hearsay; I saw it myself. The help were gathered, whispering, at the back of the shop and didn't notice me come in. The trapdoor was up and the light was on in the cooling chamber and, by stooping, I could just see Mr. Pocock in his white coat and black bowler dabbing his eyes. He had to stay away from the shop for a week.

Since then he's kept to a small counter in the front of the shop, where he displays some remnants of animal flesh, possibly fit only for stewing but nevertheless from creatures definitely born and bred in our island home. Unmentionable horrors go on behind him; last week there was even bacon from Turkey.

Of this he knows nothing. When you approach him, you give some plausible excuse for the smallness of your requirement. "Oh, just a couple of chops for lunch" or "A little beef for stewing." If driven to it, you say it's for the cat.

Should he cut you off a roast in the old manner, you take it, apply to the cash desk to find out how much of it is hallowed by coupon, then have an assistant chop off the illegal remainder.

It wouldn't do, of course, if every butcher in Britain retired into a couponless dreamworld of his own, but after all, Mr. Pocock was a great artist in his way, and his clientele, ever grateful for past delights, are only too glad to keep up the pretty pretence that he still is a "Purveyor of Choice English and Scotch Meats." —RUTH HOWE

•

The Manhasset Mail made the New Yorker last week, that famous publication reprinting The Mail's admonition to an anonymous letter writer in which the editor declared that if "the writer will supply his name, the letter will be published, although its contents doesn't seem to make sense." To that the New Yorker, evidentally thinking itself very amusing indeed, added, "that's the least of an editor's worries." For the life of us we can't see why the magazine thinks this so very amusing. The Mail, or any other weekly, does not pretend to be the New Yorker, or The New York Times for that matter, and if it wants to add such personal and interesting notes to its letter columns it has every right to do so. Such notices, in fact, add much to the pleasure of reading a country, or suburban weekly. We have seen many letters and articles in The New Yorker which haven't made any sense at all, and it would have been a great and distinguished service to the reader for the editor to announce that fact before he prints it.—*Manhasset Press.*

That's the least of our worries.

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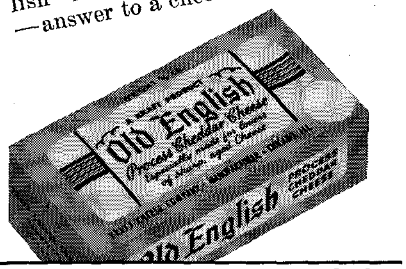

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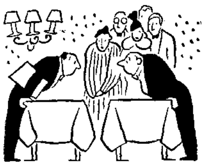

WHETHER you're a regular or an occasional eater-out, you probably need a nudge every now and then to keep from getting in a rut. I know that sometimes I've found myself going back again and again to the same restaurants, as much from habit as choice. After a spell of these doldrums, I'll hear of some place I haven't thought of for ages or even ever tried and, upon investigating, wonder why I don't get footloose oftener. I've just been through such a cycle and have put down a few notes for the sake of those who may also be fumbling around in search of variety.

Take Charles, down at 452 Sixth Avenue, near Tenth Street, that fine French old-timer which may have slipped your mind. It's worth anybody's visit now and again, if for nothing else than the *pot-au-feu* made just as Henri IV used to make it on the cook's night out—in an earthenware crock, in which half a boiled chicken is served with broth, vegetables, and marrow balls. (Wonderful stuff, marrow, and just what the system needs now and again.) The house suggests preceding this with oysters or crabmeat cocktail and following it royally with French ice cream with black cherries and brandy sauce. The frogs' legs *provençale* are everything you might hope they'd be, and there's just nothing to say about the crabmeat au gratin, it's so simple and good. Charles is usually crowded at night, but I don't see that that makes any difference, the food being what it is.

Then there's A La Fourchette, at 342 West Forty-sixth Street. It's just small enough to be called intimate by people who call things intimate and just big enough for your conversation to be your own business and no part of the next table's. To me, that's perfect. Aside from the surroundings, there's a generous menu, and you won't even have to fuss with that if you happen to see your favorite dish listed among the specialties on the blackboard at one end of the room. The hors-d'œuvres could be more exciting and the salads are on the conventional side, but those are trifling details, for the chef has an authoritative approach to such varied things as crabmeat Mornay, sweetbreads with white wine, broiled rack of lamb, and the simple consommé that you find too seldom in these tinny days. You'll see mus-

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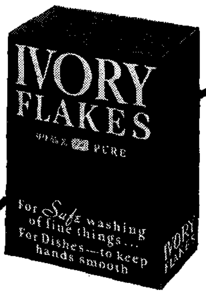
sels, snails, or frogs' legs (sometimes all three) on the blackboard, and dessert-fanciers can have a go at flaming peaches or cherries. Being way the hell and gone over west, it's a good place for dinner before the theatre but pretty sure to be busy at that hour.

Two other French places before we move on. If the four little tables that make up the Maison Louis de Lyon, at 137½ East Fifty-sixth Street, aren't occupied the next time you pass by, stop in and let Mme. Romaine make you the best omelet you've had in ages. She'll give you a salad, too, and coffee or chocolate or tea, and you choose your pastry from her showcase. Don't try to dicker for one of Madame's French ashtrays; they're the last she has.... Au Steak Pommes Frites, at 22 West Fifty-sixth Street, will lunch you on nothing but *pâté*, salad, French bread, and a beaker of wine, if you don't want any more. For substantial fare, they recommend, of course, their celebrated steaks, but I think I prefer the diminutive broiled chickens, which are apt to be very good.

THE Russian Tea Room, at 150 West Fifty-seventh Street, has made me realize that the Russians are the only people on earth who can call a place a tearoom and get me into it—possibly because the emphasis isn't entirely on tea. No matter what time you go there, you find all sorts of folk sitting around telling their life histories to one another over a thimble or two of vodka. If you've got used to red caviar, you'll probably enjoy the gargantuan helpings they serve with black bread, butter, lemon, and sour cream. What they call dairy dishes are good at lunch: things like cheese croquettes, baked eggplant, *blinis*, and mixed green salad, most of them under a deep blanket of sour cream. For dinner, you may settle down to roast beef with a sauce made of chopped onions, white wine, and, again, sour cream, or you may prefer pickled lamb steak with rice. If you've had enough *borsch* to last you the rest of your life, there's the green *stchi* to try, which is made of spinach, onions, scallions, and dill and served with hardboiled egg and s--- c----. Finally, when the time comes to start sniffing around for summer soups, remember *okroshka*, an iced blend of stock, cucumber, scallions, dill, cider, and ---- -----.

WHEN the present gets you down, there's always Luchow's, at 108 East Fourteenth Street, and its comforting reminders of the past. There's yester-

"Gentle care means beautiful wear from your lovely Lavando gloves," say the makers, who advise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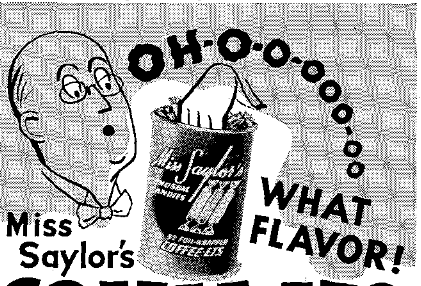

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day, practically intact and undisturbed—gas fixtures, family portraits, stuffed animals, florid woodwork, concert orchestra, and all. Not that there aren't some innovations; the gas fixtures have been electrified, of course, and the establishment has just given its first public beefsteak dinner. There won't be another of these events for a year, but in case you want to start now working up an appetite, a Luchow beefsteak dinner includes oysters Rockefeller, onion soup, double lamb chop, steak, Switzerland cheese, aprons, and hats. The last time I was there, I ordered turtle flippers à la Maryland and got what my testy ancestors would have called "too much pork for a shilling;" my companion fared far better with saddle of Canadian hare. The schnitzel this and that, grilled partridge with wine sauerkraut, and grilled *Bratwurst* are fine. If you eat hearty, a sherbet (lemon, probably) with kirsch will be about all you'll be able to manage for dessert. Ask them to pour the kirsch at the table; it seems awful to waste those elegant fumes between the bar and you.

WAY up on West 104th Street, near Broadway, there's the Atitlan, a Mexican hideaway. In spite of there being no cocktails (nothing, in fact, but beer), the place achieves a certain liveliness from the blend of habit-forming corn crisp, papaya juice, black beans served as a vegetable, and about the most spirited juke box in town. Try the assorted plate if you must, but I've found it too frenzied for my palate; solitary concoctions, however complicated, leave me more tranquil. One in which *calamares* and shrimp send a strong sea flavor through the rice they're cooked with is pretty good, and so is a mixture of *enchiladas*, chicken, and Mexican sausage, but if you're timid, you can always play safe with *arroz con pollo*—saffron rice, olives, chicken, and so on. Fried bananas are served as a vegetable and guava shells with a sliver of cream cheese as dessert. Lots of tricks like that.

—SOUBISE

•

BIRTHS

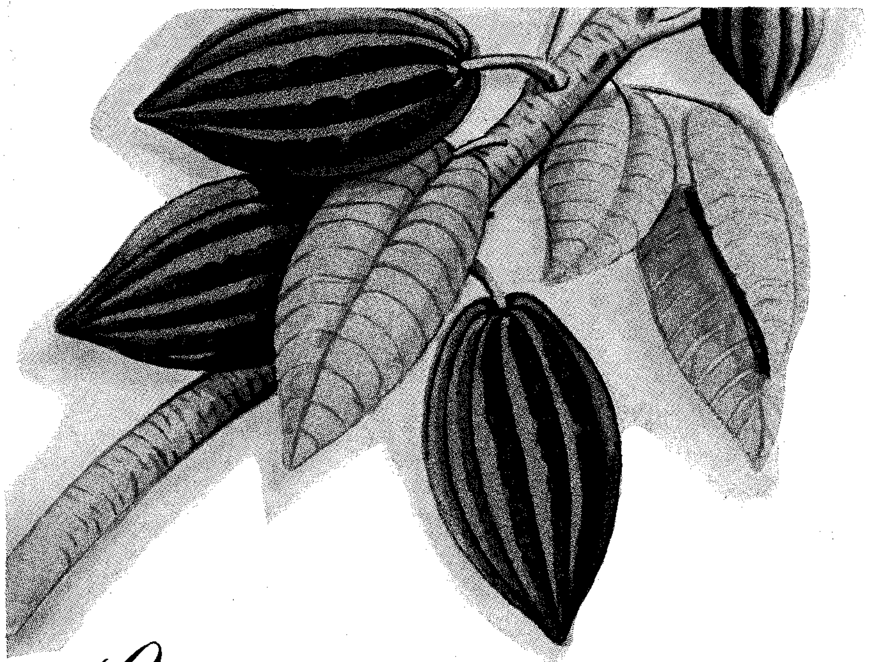
Son, Norman Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. William Knight, 29 Jefferson street, Jan. 18.

Daughter, Sylvia Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. James Finnegan, 108 Park place, Jan. 18.

Daughter, Sylvia Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. William Knight, 29 Jefferson street, Jan. 18.

Daughter, Patricia Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. James Finnegan, 108 Park place, Jan. 20.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

Busy days for the Knights and the Finnegans.



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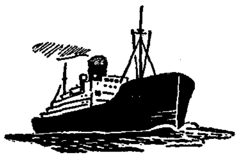

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Perhaps you have never tasted de Kuyper Creme de Cacao—so delicious in itself—and so necessary in making a perfect *Alexander* or *Angel's Tip.* If you haven't, ask your dealer or bar steward. And while you're about it, ask him to introduce you to the ten other varieties of de Kuyper cordials—made *identically* in Holland and America—from imported ingredients.

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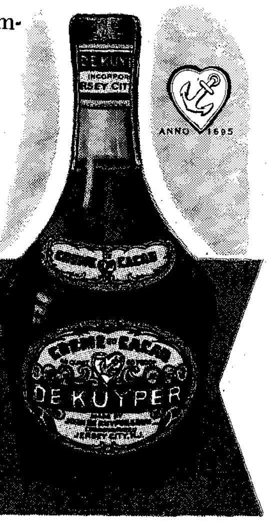

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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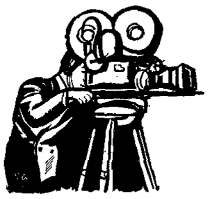


MR. CAPRA's love of the common man, the average man, the dope, the punk, passeth all understanding. In a mood of exaltation exceeding any fervor he has allowed himself before, he presents a message of messianic import in his "Meet John Doe," translates "Love thy neighbor" into a mandate to "tear down the fences between your house and the man's next door," and provides a film to delight those worthies who want the Scriptures rewritten in the language of our streets. Lest there be doubt as to his meaning, he has underlined it in a final climax. It is not necessary, he implies, to die to save your cause or, for that matter, to save the world, since, after all, that has been done before, done on Calvary. Such reasoning has its purpose here in that it secures a happy ending, a reunion of the lovers, and an explosive change in the villain's conscience. The ingenuousness or innocence of this audacious analogy doesn't quite soften the shock it gives, and I note that even admirers of the film are somewhat taken aback at this point.

Many admirers the movie is sure to have, for in it Mr. Capra and his colleague Mr. Riskin, the writer, have stewed together all the ingredients which admirers of films have most admired since films began. With two of the most popular stars on the screen today given abundant opportunity to display themselves and their varied talents, with the poverty-stricken of this world proved right and pure at heart and the rich villainous and up to tricks (and left all alone on Christmas Eve), a foundation of popular appeal is at once established. The Riskin plot centres in a fraud. To boost circulation, a newspaper foists a phony story on its readers and then, so to speak, must live up to it. Hence the need of a John Doe, unearthed in the person of a bush-league baseball player with a bad arm, broke, gaunt, and altogether an ideal American messiah and rôle for Gary Cooper. That adored heroine of modern pictures, the newspaper girl, with her breezy column, her embroilment in current events, and her eventual surrender to love (a rôle ideal, of course, for such a player as Barbara Stanwyck), hovers until the end thrillingly between the venal and the divine. Easily she sets hearts aquiver in her last speech, made just after she has bolted up fourteen flights of stairs, her particular, very feminine little Sermon on the Mount. Then our villain (Edward Arnold), rich enough to make Morgan seem fusty and Ford picayune, is an incarnation of that figure which the anxiety of our times makes the great spectre. With his private army of police, strong enough to break up vast mass meetings, he yet would bother—at which one wonders—to land the Presidency. By this time, Messiah Doe has secured such a great following that upon his word hangs the outcome of the election. It is with the realization that he may launch a dictator upon the country that the bush-league boy sees the light and braces himself for the eventual sacrifice which the pretty columnist proves superfluous. Upon this oaken framework, Riskin and Capra have cut every caper. There are magnificent types of the indigent, quaint, misunderstood old couples, the drunken reporter who cries in his cups about the beauty of America, the unscrupulous labor leader, Mother with her brave eyes, the cute pet dog, the cynical old bum who is profane enough to suggest that if you touched just one picket of those fences of your neighbor's, you'd be hauled into the hoosegow. You have scenes in a broadcasting station (now a great vogue in the cinema), and for music, of course, "Silent Night" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." It all happens here.

CRUMBS: Senhora Carmen Miranda has a part in "That Night in Rio" and, all rigged up in colors made radiant by the Technicolor treatment of the film, sings her Brazilian *chansons* and claws up Don Ameche. Alice Faye sits cool on the sidelines. . . . With a British Mata Hari and a ventriloquist's dummy that can be used to shoot daggers, "Mr. Dynamite" shows us a part of New York known as Bagdad, full of secret passages and people in disguises.

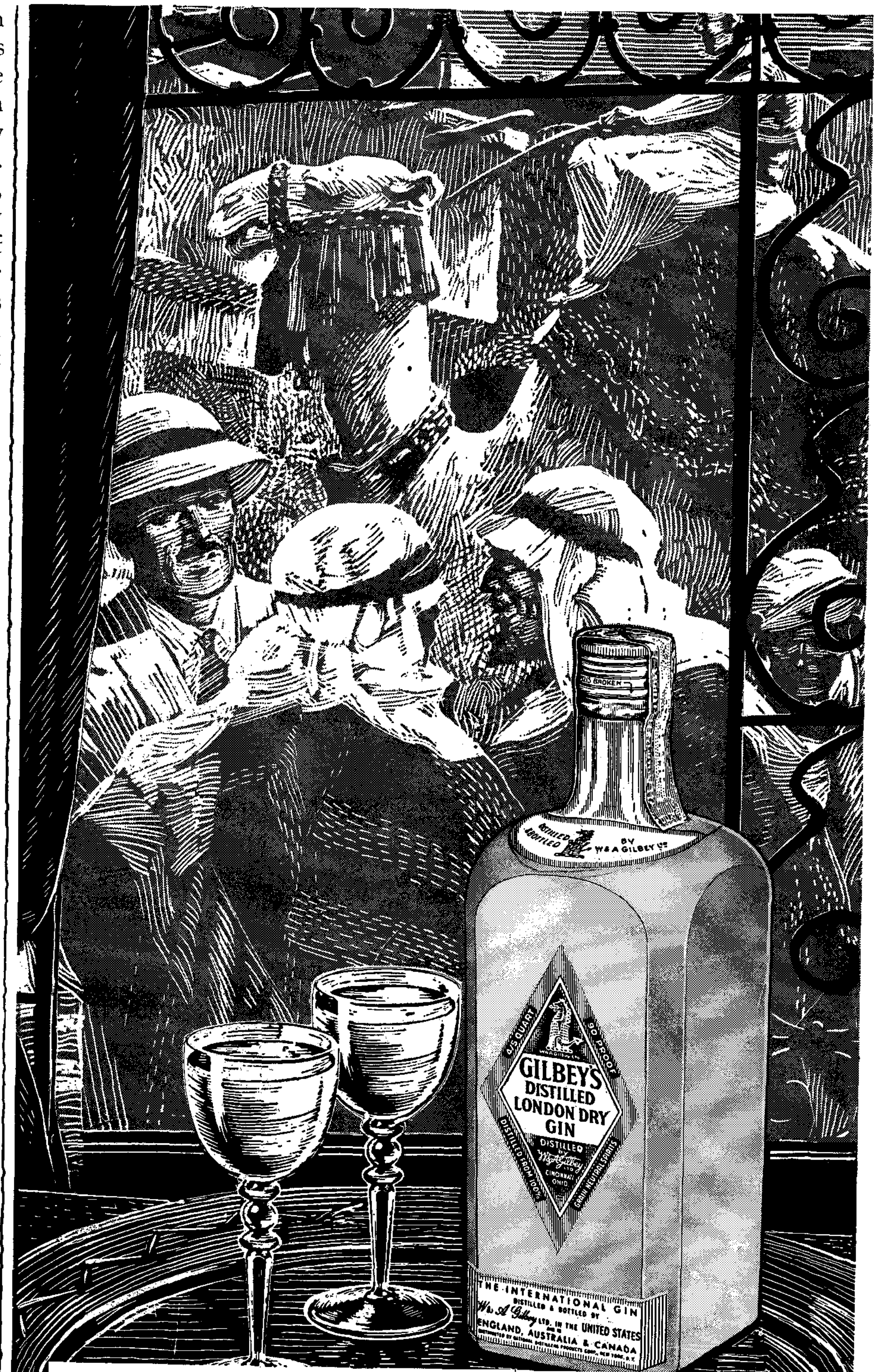
—JOHN MOSHER

•

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dworsky of 5714 5th Ave., announce the coming marriage of their daughter, Miss Thelma Dworsky, to Sidney London, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman London of the Bronx. The ceremony will take place on Feb. 23, at the Park Manor, Eastern Parkway.

Mr. London is a graduate of Fordham University, class of 1935, and is not a pharmacist.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Get *that* through your noodles!



The Sun never sets on

It gives you a deep sense of satisfaction when you order a drink *"made with Gilbey's Gin"* to realize that at the very same minute other men who know fine liquors are sitting at far-away windows with that same familiar Gilbey's bottle beside them.

For nearly a century, the sun has never set on Gilbey's Gin... because millions of men have found, *as you will, too,* that Gilbey's makes a great drink *greater!*

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BOOKS

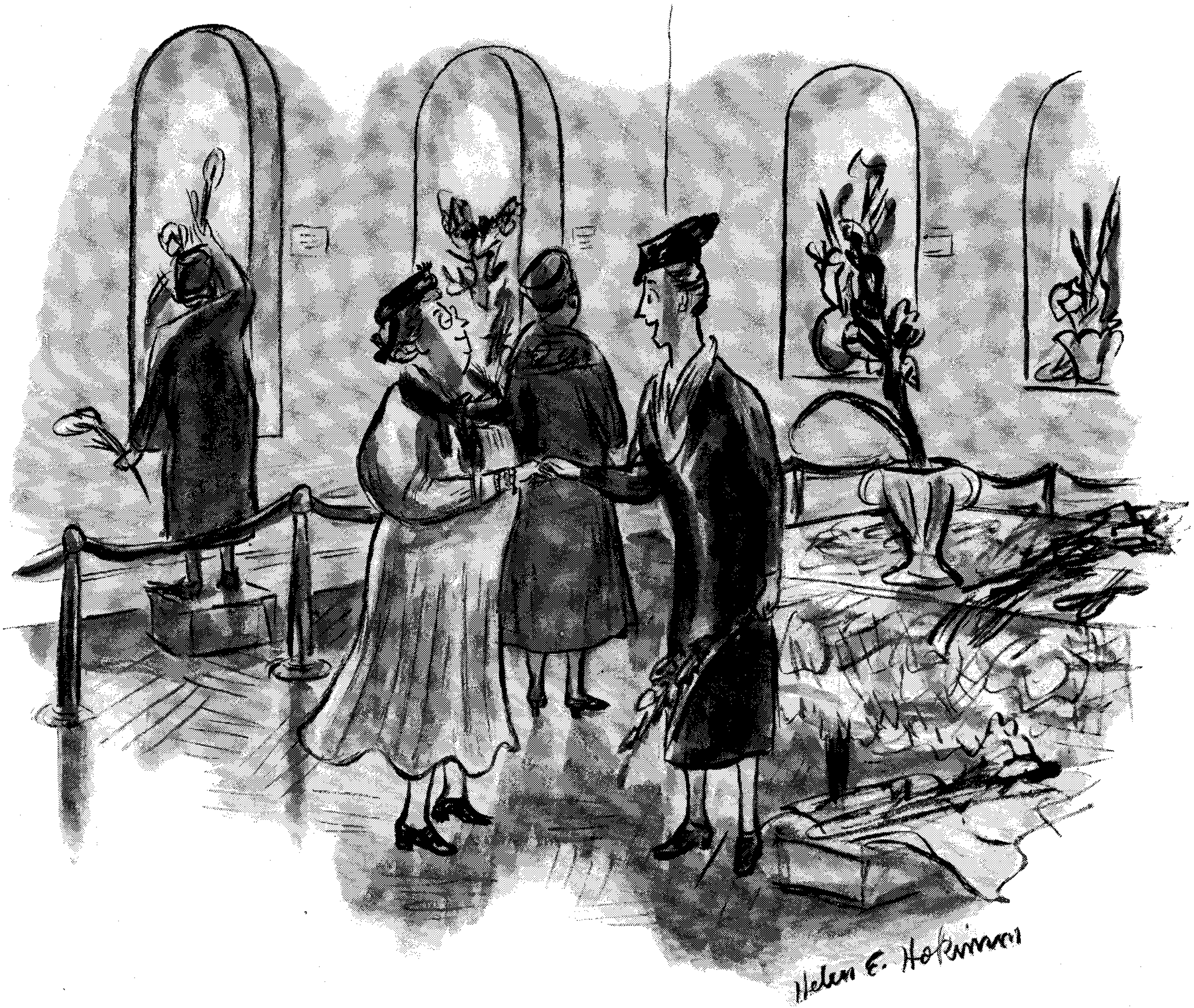
Turkey—Paducah Calling

As these lines are written, Turkey is still balanced on the pivot. By the time they are read, it may have become clear whether or not the Turks have opted for one of the varied forms of suicide the Nazis devise for people who get in their way. If the decision is for self-destruction, Emil Lengyel's "Turkey" will make wrier reading than the author intended, for his book is in part devoted to showing that the Turks are a brave and noble race that will fight to the end for its freedom. I do not mean to cry down this timely and informative volume by characterizing it as a reasoned defence of the people it deals with. Unless by this time the Nazis have rendered him completely speechless, this volume may be said to make the Unspeakable Turk highly speakable.

Mr. Lengyel's sense of structure is somewhat casual, his argument doubles back on itself, he tells the story of Mustafa Kemal twice (a great tale, and maybe the encore is deserved), and he has a fatal weakness for short declarative sentences averaging a dozen words each, which makes for monotony. Otherwise his book can be endorsed.

Every once in a while he talks, rather mystically, about the occult properties of the soil of Asia Minor, which in the course of over two millennia have again and again produced a conquering race. Whatever the causes may be, it is true enough that the Turks—or at any rate the mixed and shifting peoples we agree to call by that name—have survived vicissitudes that were too much for other races. They have even managed to outlive their own decadence—the long period of the corrupt Ottoman Empire, to which Mustafa Kemal gave the deathblow.

One section of the book comprises a history of Turkey from its dim beginnings. Another part considers the strategical importance with which God and geography have endowed it. And, finally, the really thrilling story of Turkey's renaissance under the wicked, brilliant, and farsighted Mustafa Kemal is told in detail. In the course of the narrative a number of things are made clear that have always been more than a little muddy to me; for example, what the Crimean War was all about and what it settled. Among other matters, Mr. Lengyel goes deeply into the question of the Armenian massacres, which made



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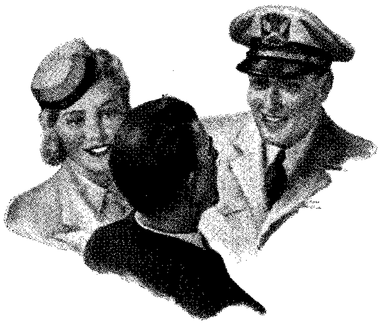

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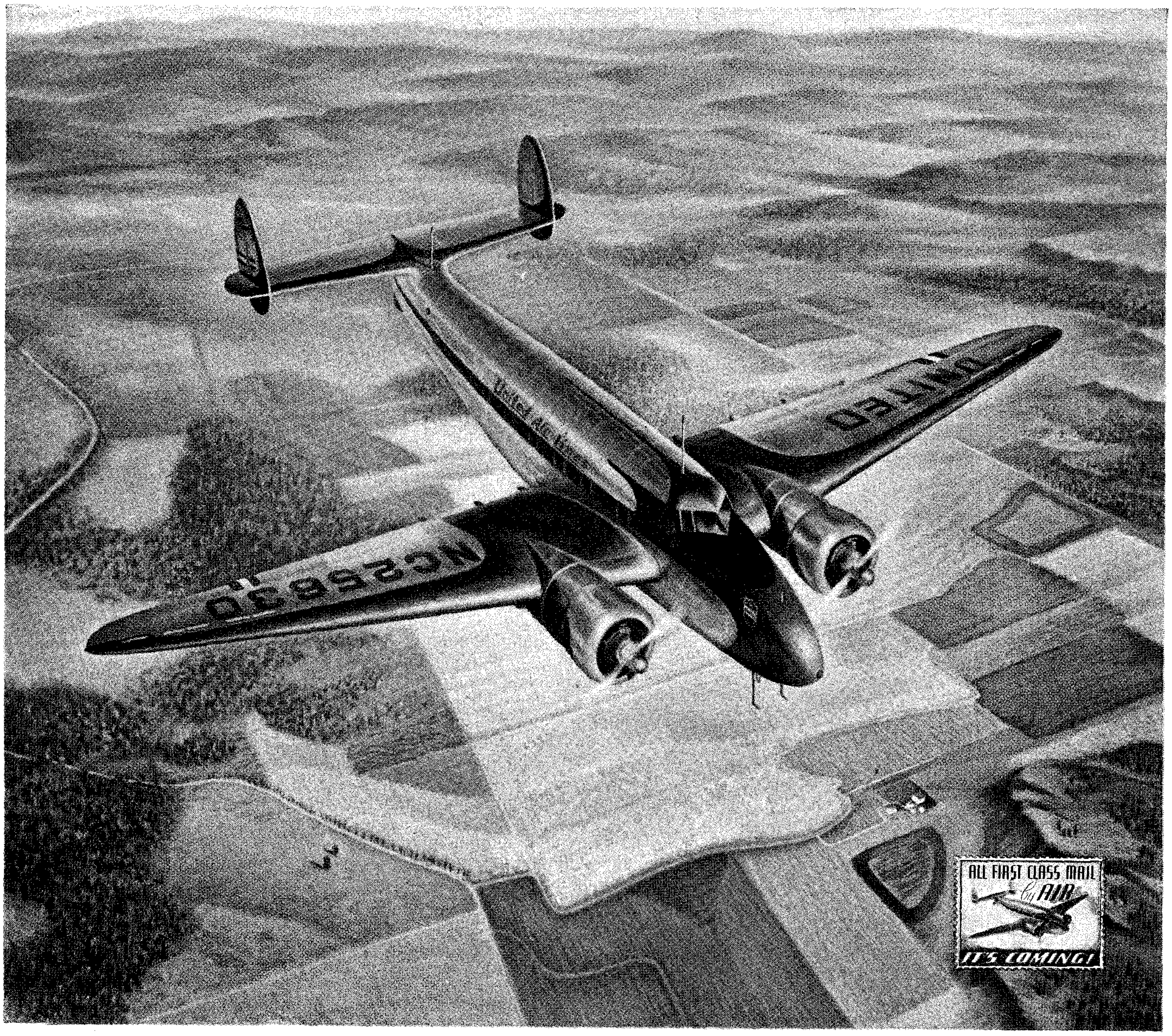

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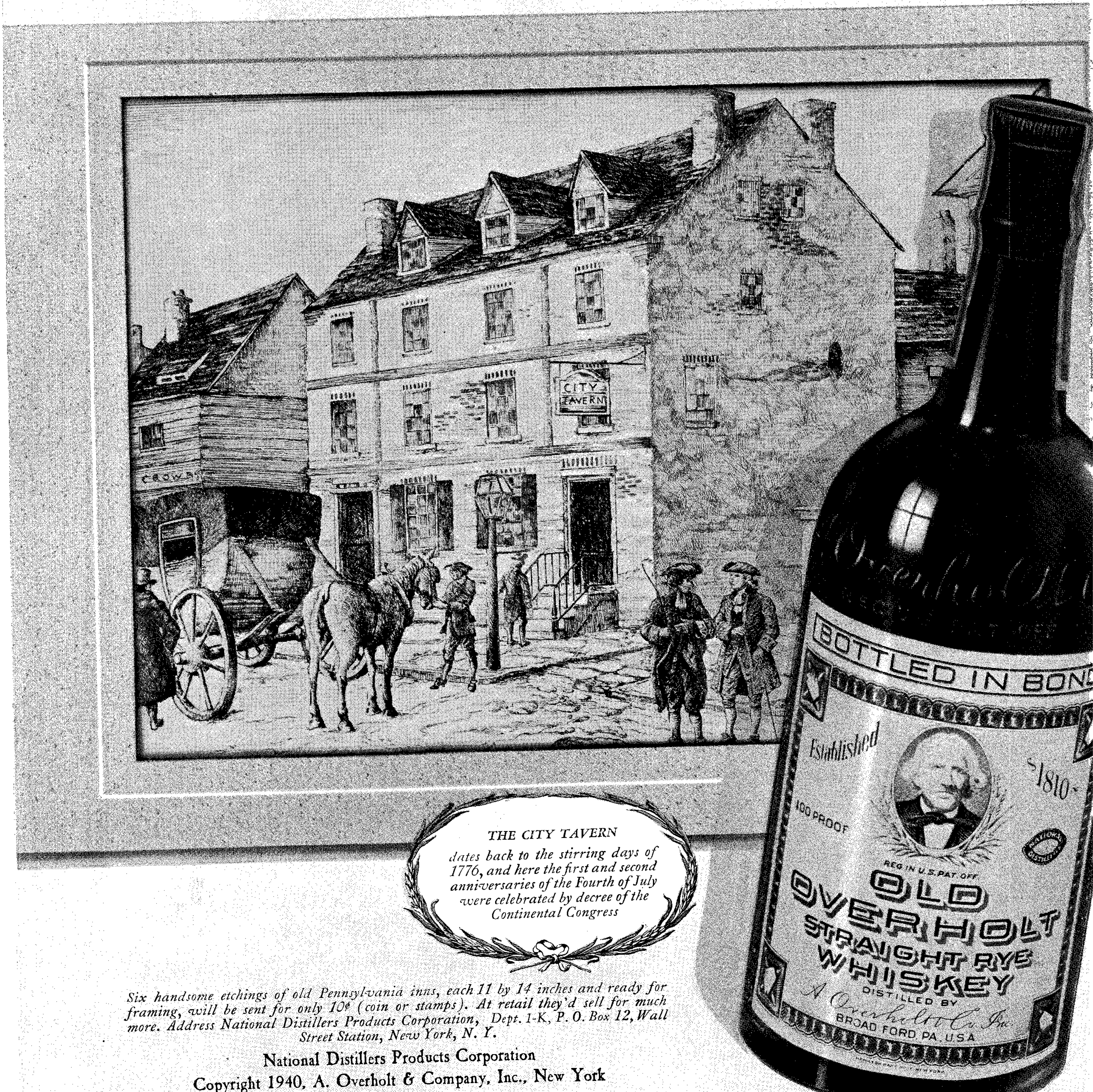
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Turkey a moral outlaw for many years, and proves satisfactorily that the 1915 atrocities, involving the murder of eight hundred thousand people, were planned by the Germans.

Turkey, to use Mr. Lengyel's searching phrase, is the world's "*espace fatal,*" and has been for thousands of years. "She occupies an inflammable soil from which conflagrations could never be kept away." Her present rulers, interested in building up a small but strong country, honestly want peace, and their whole policy since the Treaty of Sèvres has been directed toward that end. But fate has placed their land on the wrong part of the earth's surface. Their peace can come only in a world at peace.

IRVIN S. COBB's autobiography, "Exit Laughing," is composed in the manner of his most successful after-dinner speeches: a rambling compound of jokes, personal reminiscence, "homely" humor, and unabashed sentimentality. The first third of it—his early years in Paducah—is delightful. Most of the rest will make a strong appeal to old-timers who can never get enough about Harry Thaw, Joseph Pulitzer, Charles Chapin, Diamond Jim Brady, William Travers Jerome, and the gaudy period in which they flourished. For the merely middle-aged there are dozens of funny stories told as well as anybody can tell them. In all candor I must say that I opened Mr. Cobb's book with no elevated expectations and read it all the way through with pleasure.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by Upton Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair continues the saga of Lanny Budd, begun in "World's End." This new novel starts with the Treaty of Versailles and ends with the crash in 1929. In the intervening ten years is packed a deal of incident—romantic, financial, political—told with enormous particularity in undistinguished prose. If Mr. Sinclair is not quite a great novelist, if he is sometimes absurd, he nevertheless handles a crowd of characters, a score of locales, and dozens of events with remarkable skill, insight, and moral courage.

THE EARTH IS OURS, by Vilhelm Moberg, translated from the Swedish by Edwin Björkman. An impressive novel of modern Sweden, a trilogy the first part of which—"Memory of Youth," also included in this volume

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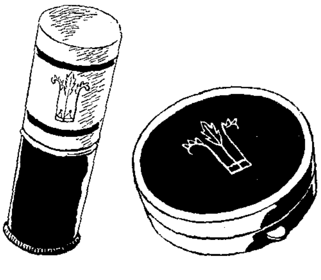

Charles of the Ritz

New York

—has already been published. The theme is the conflict between city life and the ancient, traditional life of the peasant. When the hero's job as editor of a cheap magazine becomes unendurable, he returns to the farm he left as a boy. But going back presents unexpected complications, which the author indicates very movingly and solves with the aid of the Munich pact.

Men of the Mountains, by Jesse Stuart. Mr. Stuart always does the Kentucky mountain people handsomely. Their salty speech, their humor, their knowledge of people, their deeply religious attitude toward life—all these he renders as roundly and clearly as he describes their browned, weatherbeaten faces. These short stories have unity of place and atmosphere, distinction of theme, and great skill in the telling. A fine, sound book.

That None Should Die, by Frank G. Slaughter. A medical novel turning on the fight of a high-principled young surgeon for professional standing. Mr. Slaughter includes the familiar romance of life in a hospital, with pretty nurses and overworked internes, some lurid incidents connected with dirty politics in state medicine, and a number of operations that read like a medical journal. The author, a doctor, presumably knows his operating theatre.

Wind on the Pampas, by Betty de Sherbinin. The story of a Scotsman who, after twenty-five years in Argentina, during which he has become manager of a large estate, is given a small piece of land for his own, to which he must adjust his life. Fresh and interesting description of an unfamiliar scene.

The Gods and One, by Alberta Pierson Hannum. A mountain novel told in a primitive, colloquial dialect. The main character is a young girl, native to the mountains, who nevertheless does not quite fit in with the only life she knows. Rather charming, with a kind of innocent simplicity.

Mill Stream, by Hortense Lion. Life in Providence just after the American Revolution, with the local color we have come to expect in American period novels on their way to Hollywood. Miss Lion introduces a new note, however—the beginnings of New England industry and the struggle to start native manufacturing. Her description of life in the mills makes interesting reading.

The Trunk, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. The efforts of a conventional and fastidious artist's wife to adjust herself to her husband's egocentric and passionate nature. Takes place in the tropics, with the jungle as a colorful and menacing background and some very convincing hot weather.

GENERAL

I Find Treason, by Richard Rollins, foreword by Pierre van Paassen. A former Columbia student who became a lone-wolf anti-Fascist investigator in 1933 and worked up a good deal of the evidence that resulted in Fritz Kuhn's conviction tells what he has learned about Fascist organizations, including the resurgent Klan and other native flora, in the United States. He thinks they're much more formidable than most people believe. An intelligent, first-person account which seems to be thoroughly documented. You may have seen some of the material in the newspapers, but much of it is new. Reproductions of many documents, and photographs.

Hoosier, by Heath Bowman. Quiddities of the Indianan character. A composite biography based on the lives of the pioneers, legislators, soldiers, reformers, teachers, farmers, writers, and others who have made the state's history. An honest job, written with ingratiating warmth, humor, and penetration. Absorbing reading. Photographs by the author and endleaf map.

The Advance of the Fungi, by E. C. Large. What the fungi are, what has been done about them, and how their attacks on food plants have affected human history in the last hundred years or so, beginning with the Irish potato famine. One of the most engaging scientific popularizations we've had in a long time. Comprehensive, witty, simple but not too simple, and very well written. Photographs, drawings, and charts.

South Sea Vagabonds, by J. W. Wray. A young New Zealander builds a cutter out of drift logs and old iron and sails her to Sunday Island, the Friendly Islands, Tahiti, and so on. Strictly amateur navigation, but a fetching yarn that takes in some uncomfortable weather, a shipwreck, and an island girl named Loti. Photographs.

Vanguards of the Frontier, by Everett Dick. This companion volume to "The Sod-House Frontier" recounts the earlier social history of the northern prairies and the Rocky Mountains before the settlers came—the heyday of the fur-traders, mountain men, loggers, Pony Express riders, railroad-builders, and cattle and sheep ranchers. A superior piece of work, ably digested from original sources and full of good vernacular detail. Contemporary illustrations.

India of the Princes, by Rosita Forbes. The author, who went visiting among a few of the more than six hundred Indian principalities, gives us a short account of their history and present rulers, plus some rather higgledy-piggledy impressions of Gandhi's character, rose-pink palaces, necklaces of human skulls, and chromium-plated Rolls-Royces. Sometimes bewilderingly factual. Photographs.

Quest, by George Dibbern. Extremely odd maritime record by a German who in 1930 abandoned his wife and children to the care of Providence and started off for New Zealand in a small boat, sailing under his own flag and personal, home-made passport. The sentimental egotism which dominates the author's personality may irritate some readers. Others will doubtless find something of interest in his purely marine adventures.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, by Richard Hull. Another English murder trial (the corpse is a dilettante collector of stamps), this one told by flashbacks to the story of the murder in between various lawyers' addresses to the jury. Mr. Hull handles his story very well, as always.

Mourned on Sunday, by Helen Reilly. Inspector McKee discovers there's a connection between the death of a lady who falls out of a hotel window in New York and the death of another woman upstate, and finds out how it all happened. A little stilted, but good enough if you are a Reilly devotee.

The Right Murder, by Craig Rice. A semi-sequel to "The Wrong Murder." Press agent Jake Justus and his wife drink their way through Chicago, as usual, and find some murdered persons, as usual. They also find out

Wake up, Americans, says CLIFTON FADIMAN

here are four experts
who want to give you
some information, please!

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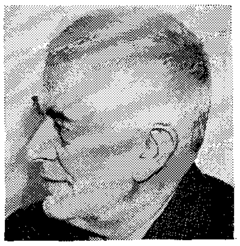

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On these very liberal terms, you are asked to send in the subscription form *now*. You will then be sent, without charge to you, a copy of the new magazine called The Reader (edited by Mr. Van Doren, designed by Mr. Dwiggins) in which you will find many articles and essays: and chiefly a description of the Club's first book, which is now being distributed to the members.

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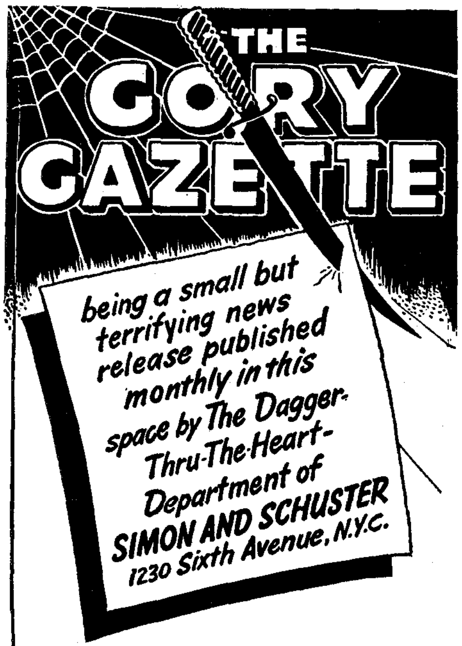
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GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published in this monthly space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
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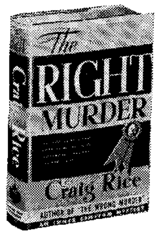
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

We cornered the senior Gossip Columnist (No. 21W, a small, nervous man who covers the 52nd Street route) and barked: "Why don't you dig up some hot news? You're getting away with murder."

"Sure I am," he admitted shamelessly, "if you mean *The Right Murder* by Craig Rice. I didn't know anyone saw me pinch that advance copy, and now that I've read it I don't care. It's terrific."



"It is interesting to discover that you can read," we said bitterly, "but that hardly comes under the head of exciting gossip. Give us something we can print in *The Gory Gazette* for the Paying Customers."

"All right," said 21W. "Here are a few items I picked up from Craig Rice. See which of them looks hot."

1. The recent middle-aisling of Jake Justus and Helene Brand has gone pht-t-t. Bermuda honeymoon ends in separate planes!
2. Is John J. Malone, Chicago's notorious mouthpiece, slipping? Private sources reveal that the playboy lawyer is being held incommunicado in connection with the recent knifing in Joe the Angel's Bar.
3. What's keeping the hottest story of the year off Chicago's front pages? Can it be that socialite Mona McClane buys off all the boys? And is that why nobody's heard about the mysterious gent found in Mona's bedroom with a knife in his back?

"Great stuff," we said. "Get Craig Rice in here to give us the whole story."

No. 21W snickered. "You've already got it. Maybe you ought to practice up on *your* reading. Go get yourself a copy of

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

THE RIGHT MURDER

by Craig Rice ($2)

who did the murders. Probably the talk is too tough for your old aunt. THE BLONDE DIED FIRST, by Dana Chambers. Jim Steele, whom you may remember, discovers a couple of corpses in a Park Avenue bedroom and follows the clues onto a Bermuda-bound boat. If you like Dana Chambers, try this one. It's good.

•

FANCY STEPPES

Moscow—Ballroom dancing as a required course in all secondary and military schools was ordered in an official decree today.—*The Times.*

Bring wreaths, bring wine, bring caviar.
  Let breath be full instead of bated.
In lands that love the crimson star
  Is Melancholy liquidated.
Sing ho, sing hey,
Sing lass and lad!
They're dancing now in Leningrad.

Those mists that round the nations roll
  Are stopped upon that gleesome border,
And every jolly Slavic soul
  Uplifts by bureaucratic order.
Immaculate glove and formal bow
Displace the rugged khaki now.

The gunner lays aside his gun,
  The chutist takes his jumps by proxy,
And sternly they are Having Fun
  With proper pomp and orthodoxy.
Scratch but a Russian, bald or furry,
And you shall find an Arthur Murray.

But weep the Cossack, wild and grim,
  Who does not gird his ballroom dress on.
The Ogpu lies in wait for him
  If he should fail his dancing lesson.
That man is treasonable and false
Who stumbles in the merry waltz.

Yes, capital shall be his crime.
  The whirlwind comes and he must reap it.
So sound the moujik, beat the time—
  Likewise the oaf who cannot keep it.
By solemn Soviet decree
The Bear a dancing bear must be.

Sing ho, sing hey,
Sing lass and lad!
They're dancing now in Leningrad.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

•

Mrs. Irene Manning went to Bellingham last week to complete the purchase of material for her new home. She returned with a Chevrolet sedan.—*Friday Harbor (Wash.) Journal.*

And a sheepish grin?

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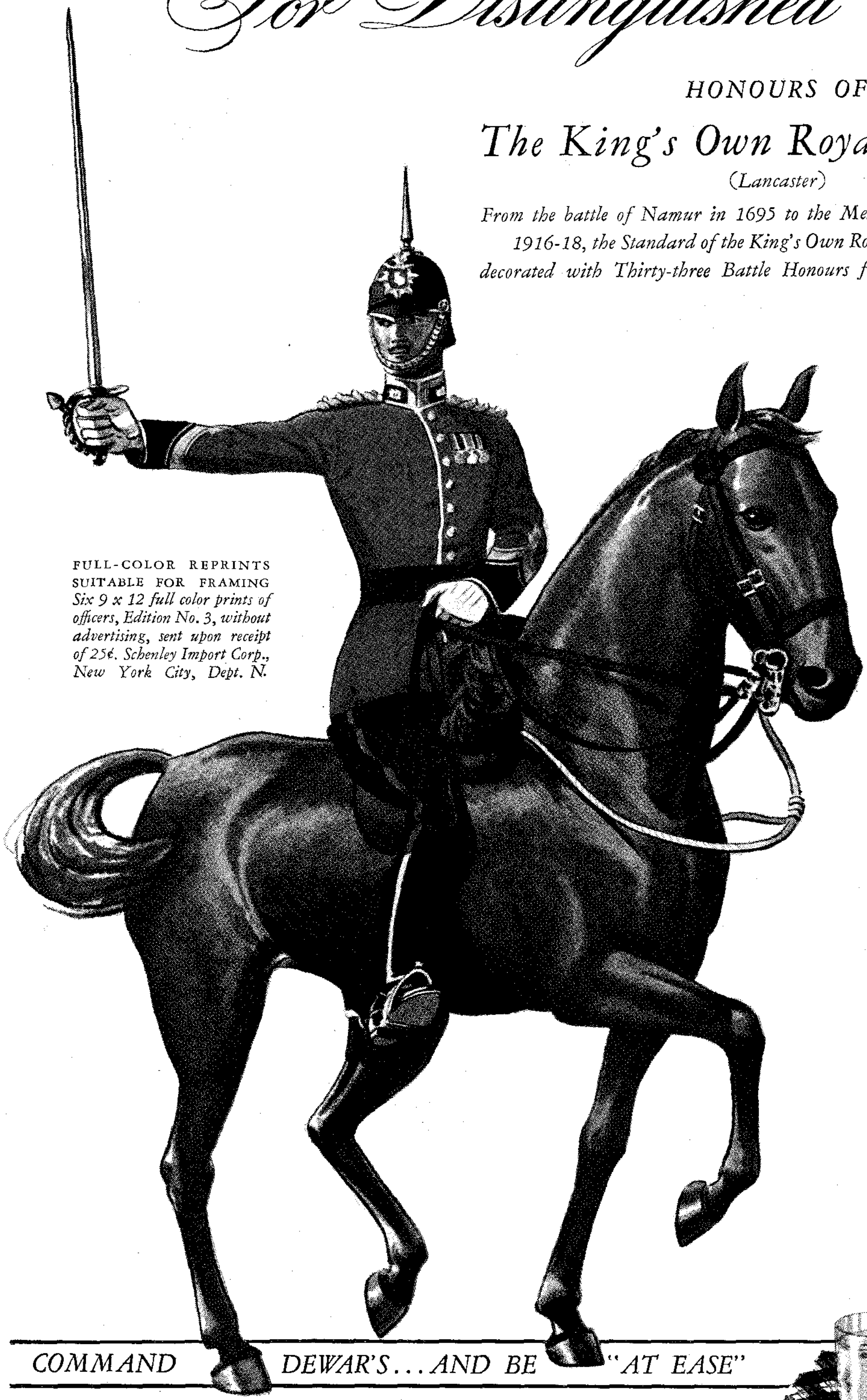

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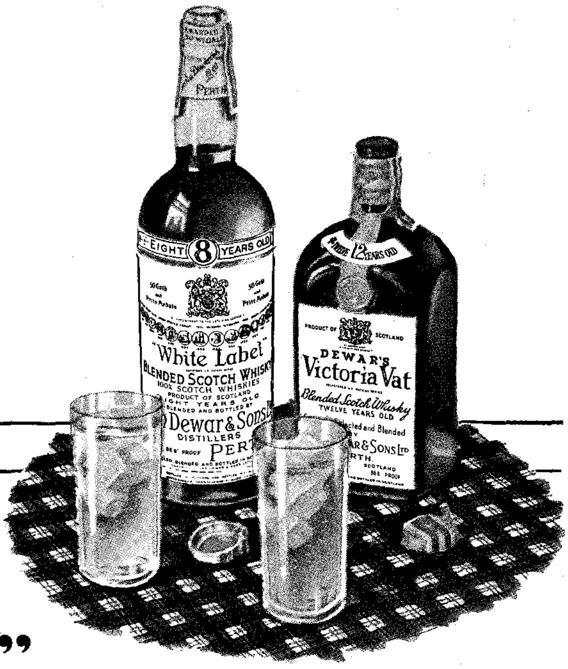
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Dewar's

"White Label"

THE MEDAL *SCOTCH* OF THE WORLD

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old*

also known as Ne Plus Ultra

A Schenley IMPORT

Both 86.8 Proof BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY Copyright 1941, Schenley Import Corporation, New York.

"FINE AS SILK, SALLY—AND PLENTY MILD!

"Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter leaf!" says Fred Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

"TO folks who watch the auctions, it's plain as day that Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf—and pay higher prices to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen prefer Luckies. I've smoked Luckies myself for 14 years!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1